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διὰ τί δὲ καρπὸν καλεῖ τοῦ Πνεύματος; ὅτι τὰ μὲν
πονηρὰ ἔργα ἐξ ἡμῶν γίγνεται μόνον, διὸ καὶ ἔργα
καλεῖ· τὰ δὲ καλὰ οὐ τῆς ἡμετέρας ἐπιμελείας δεῖται
μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῆς τοῦ Θεοῦ φιλανθρωπίας.

S. CHRYSOSTOM.

THE
FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

BEING TEN ADDRESSES BEARING ON

The Spiritual Life

RESULT
BIBL. MAJ.
SEMINARY

By the Rev.

W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A.

Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of St. Paul's; Select Preacher in the University
of Oxford; and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ely

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θυμία, χρηστότης, ἀγαθωσύνη, πίστις, πραΰτης, ἐγκράτεια.

GAL. V. 22-24.

Preface

WHILE many books, some even in quite recent times, have been written on the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit, there would seem to be few if any treatises or spiritual works which bear directly on the subject of this little volume, 'the Fruit of the Spirit.' The ancient authorities are, for the most part, inaccessible to the general reader, while in several more popular works the reference to it is of the briefest kind. The present attempt is intended to set forth, in the most superficial way, 'the Fruit of the Spirit' in its bearing on the spiritual life, and the development of the Christian character. And in doing so, it should be stated that the Greek of the Epistle to the Galatians has been followed in making the Fruit of the Spirit nine-fold, rather than the more commonly received enumeration of the

Vulgate, which speaks of it as twelve-fold; *patientia*, *modestia*, and *castitas* having been inserted as amplifications of the existing list, while other alterations have been made in the order of their sequence.

It may be pleaded in excuse for this omission, that apart from the obvious difficulty involved in a further discrimination of virtues so similar in their character, 'the Fruit of the Spirit' so omitted is, at the best, an amplification of the enumeration made by S. Paul, and will be found to be treated of, at least implicitly, under the different headings to which they clearly belong.

I can only express a hope that these very crude thoughts in relation to the spiritual life may be found, if not of any practical value in themselves, at least so far suggestive in this way, that they may lead others to investigate the immense spiritual value of simple virtues, and the great importance of what is known as 'everyday life.'

W. C. E. N.

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I

INTRODUCTORY.

The Spiritual Life.

S. PAUL tells us that there are three great regions of our being : the Spirit (*πνεῦμα*), the Soul (*ψύχη*), and the Body (*σῶμα*). Of these the Spirit seems to be the higher portion of our purely human nature—the realm of the powers of the mind (*νοῦς*), the seat of conscience, the arbiter of choice, the medium of our cognisance of the Divine—and this is sometimes called ‘mind’ (*νοῦς*) when viewed intellectually, sometimes ‘the inner man’ (*ὁ ἔσω ἄνθρωπος*) when viewed in its theological relation. Here is the realm of our intellectual force, here is the shrine of the Holy Ghost. Next in order we may place the Soul (*ψύχη*), the lower side of our incorporeal nature, the seat of feelings, movements, and

impulses, poised between the seen and the unseen, the flesh and the spirit; and below all comes the Body (*σῶμα*), with its ministering senses and its wonderful organism, either assimilating all that is good for us out of this earth, or with a dreadful power to clog or destroy, and so stop the mechanism of life altogether.¹

Now it is obvious that this human nature, if rightly used, is a machine of delicate and wonderful powers, only some employ it as they might use some beautiful musical instrument, using but a part of it, with no combination of stops, no intricacies of effect, or concentration of action, while some maim it as they use it, and spoil it altogether. What a frightful perversion, for instance, is the man who is, as it were, all *body*!—in whom the governing power has passed over to the lower senses, who perverts his mental faculties to the procuring of mere animal gratification, who stifles out all the spiritual yearnings and pleadings within him that he may be more and more carnal and sensual. And if this be so, it is also true that there may be an intellectual deformity as well, higher and

¹ See Bishop Ellicott, *Destiny of the Creature*.

nobler if you will, but still a deformity, where the body is despised or dishonoured, where the spirit has been shut off in its higher regions, and is to all intents and purposes without any influence upon life. The first perversion is obvious; we may see it any day at almost any tavern door. But the other may also be traced in many an impartial biography, where, on a review of the whole life before us, it cannot be said that the spirit, soul, and body have been preserved 'entire' (ὁλόκληρα), that the owners might be presented 'whole' (ὅλοτελεῖς) before God.¹

And there is a danger of some such deformity arising in the lives of all of us. The life which we have to live is such a complex thing. There it is, like some great machine, with its wheels and cogs, its connections and intertwining parts—so restless, so powerful, so delicate! The strains which are put upon it are diverse and immense. Now it is in the region of the inner life, where the spirit is busied about 'things the Angels desire to look into;'² darting up to the great mysteries of God; assimilating Sacraments; working in the designs of Heaven; moving amidst fire and

¹ 1 Thess. v. 23.

² 1 S. Peter i. 12.

vapour, and forces of supernatural strength. Now it is in the region of public duty, where the work of a life is being carried on amidst that constant giving out of self, and the grinding unceasing toil of mind and energy. Carlyle likened Southey to some huge grindstone which grinds on and on at such a rate that at last there comes a moment when the stone's cohesion is quite worn out, overcome by stupendous velocity long continued, and, while grinding its fastest, it flies off altogether, and settles some yards from you, a grinding-stone no longer, but a cartload of sand. Here is a strain—the strain of work, unrelieved, unreplenished, unintermitted, which wears out very many of this world's workmen. Nor is it to be accounted nothing, the simple strain of living in the world at all, where everything has to be worked into life's task—the routine, the trouble, the annoyances, the distractions, as they come. It has been said of the mountains of the Jura : ¹ ' The rain-cloud clasps her cliffs, and floats along her fields ; it passes, and in an hour the rocks are dry, and only beads of dew left in the leaves. . . . Through unseen fissures and filmy crannies the

¹ Ruskin.

waters of cliff and plain have alike vanished; only, far down in the depths of the main valley, glides the strong river, unconscious of the change.' What a comment on those words, 'I see that all things come to an end: but Thy commandment is exceeding broad'!¹ All life's troubles may be worked in, and issue out in the calmly-growing strands of life, and we scarce conscious of the change! Just a tuft here, a colour there, here a deepening, there a strengthening, as some trouble or joy has been drawn in. But the world can clog where it does not feed. The machine of our life needs watching, adjusting, cleansing. All the framework, those open ducts of the senses, need purifying and strengthening to see that they are working well. To see whether the feelings, the impulses, the emotions, all those delicate little fibrous springs, are ready to catch and grasp with a nicety of instinct whatever is good and serviceable, without becoming themselves choked, or hardened, or callous. And it is a bewildering search, minute and misleading, beset with all the danger of scrupulousness, and the unsavoury poison of too accurate self-

¹ Ps. cxix. 96.

analysis—a search which must be pushed right on through the region of spirit, where the man touches the supernatural, where we seem to create sins as we go, and throw a shadow amidst all that is spiritual and lovely. It is in matters like this that self-examination is useful. For here, at all events, it is no morbid introspection, but a careful tapping of the machinery, a testing, a gauging, a clearing of it, to start afresh with new vigour and a more quickened concentrated life.

Oh, what a grand thing human nature is when it is working smoothly ! There is the will sitting supreme, informed from above, through channels and means, by all the grace of God which the Spirit supplies. There is conscience, its spiritual assessor, waiting and warning and testing with unerring accuracy. There is the inner circle of the intellect, presenting to it all that is good, noble, or useful. Memory, bringing in its treasures from the past. Imagination, bringing in ornament and beauty from the present, and even from the future. There is the body beneath, with its active slaves ceaselessly conveying materials through the senses. There are the passions and the emotions, with their hidden fires, all

ministering to the great work which is going on within.

And surely it is worth the effort to be all that is meant by *spiritual*, to set ourselves to work in the best way. And to this end it will be helpful to consider those virtues which the Apostle tells us are the 'fruit of the Spirit'¹—those fruits and productions which spring up within us out of the harmonious working of our being—working, that is, as God means it to work, with all its several parts acting according to the Will of God concerning us. It may be that we have not as yet learnt to use the machine aright; perhaps we have shrunk from it, and God drives us in upon ourselves by the admonition of adversity or the reproofs of conscience. Perhaps, it may be, there is a large piece of this world's grit sticking somewhere within which needs to come away. Perhaps there may be a sense that we are, after all, our own masters, instead of workers for God, which hinders our perfection. If so, let us try to think what we might be if all these parts of our being were 'entire,' if we were working smoothly for Him. And to this end let us enter on the consideration of 'the fruit

¹ Gal. v. 22, 23.

of the Spirit,' which, in its several varieties, may serve as patterns to direct our aims, and models by which to test the results of our spiritual attainments hitherto.

And let us enter on the consideration in prayer and with resolution, and, above all, with hope. For hope is in itself a great spiritual force. When all our resolutions have failed time after time, when fall has succeeded fall, and defeat has trod upon defeat, still hope shines down upon us—the hope which the Psalmist will sometimes concentrate in one expression of condensed experience, 'O, God of *Jacob*!' ¹—the hope which lightens up all our life, as it makes us feel that nothing is too great, nothing too small for the Lord. A hope which produces calmness, enabling Hezekiah to lay the threatening letter before the Lord.² Hope which produces patience; 'It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them.'³ Hope which produces a feeling of self-distrust; 'Why could not we cast him out?'⁴ Joined to a confident expectation; 'Things will be better when He comes.' Ending, it may be, in a holy anxiety, 'Will

¹ Ps. lxxxiv. 8.

² S. John vi. 17.

³ 2 Kings xix. 14.

⁴ S. Matt. xvii. 19.

He be satisfied with what I have done?' For, after all, the power to will and to do comes of Him. In vain we cleanse, in vain we wait, in vain we dispose all the faculties of our being, unless it be for the operation of His guiding Spirit.

Love.

Ἀγάπη.

THE first note of the Spiritual Life, the first fruit of the Spirit, the outcome, that is, of the true and proper development of our life, will be—Love.

Here is a subject hard to speak of, difficult to fathom, and at the same time wellnigh worn out in methods of superficial treatment. But there it stands before us, challenging our inquiry, and courting investigation. It cannot be passed by, for it lies at the very foundation of all spiritual life, and therefore we must endeavour to examine it, and to see what it means to us—‘The fruit of the Spirit is Love.’

There is the great machine of life, standing ready in all its beauty and power, with its wide open senses, its advising mind, its warning conscience, its governing will ; with the mighty flood of spiritual power pouring into it from

above ; and its first fruit, the subtle influence which pervades it, the direction given to it, is Love. For that Holy Spirit of order, as He pours His influence into us, has a definite work for our energy to spend itself upon, amidst all the vast and complicated machinery of the world ; and Love is the initial, the foundation motive, which is to start our force, our passions, our motives, our imagination, our intellect, our strength, into their proper groove amidst the great labyrinth-scheme of the Providential working of God. For Love means, without any attempt at a definition, a giving out of self to God, to Man, to Nature.

‘ We live by admiration, hope, and love.’

And Love secures that all this splendid machinery and endowment of strength *shall be used for the right objects* ; not for self-advantage or self-display, not for rivalry, or in the interests of pride ; but that it shall be at the disposal of God, the disposal of man, and of the world, for good ; and this not by an effort, not by a forced resolution of surly resignation, but in a bright spirit of instinctive willingness. Yes, there is no doubt about it ; if we are spiritual ; the first fruit of the Spirit will be Love.

One glance will be sufficient to show us the

importance of Love as a motive principle, the strength of this loving nature becoming fulfilled with the growing fruit of the Spirit. It is very hard to do God's Will: it is harder still sometimes to love it. We talk in a helpless way of resignation, as we feel ourselves tossed up and down, and whirled hither and thither in the irresistible currents of uncontrollable force. But the spiritual man wants something more than resignation to circumstances which he cannot control, he wants love, not to wish them otherwise—a far higher step. There is no question about it: God's Will is irresistible; it takes us up and carries us hither and thither as straws before the wind. Jonah thought to escape from it in a spirit of obstinate self-will, but he is brought back through suffering and shame, and guilt, and shipwreck, and the pains of death itself, to preach at Nineveh at last. S. Peter, through agony and fear, and the pangs of his fearful denial, is held to the purpose of God concerning him: 'Thou canst not follow Me now.'¹ S. Paul in vain beseeches for the removal of the thorn in the flesh: it was God's Will concerning him, and as such must be cheerfully borne. There is more than resignation wanted

¹ S. John xiii. 36.

here by the Spiritual Man—a hearty acquiescence in the Will of God ; for if there is any discrepancy, even the slightest, between the two wills, what a misery and chafing sets in ! Such pains as discontent, fretting, jealousy of others, anxiety, are all of our own making. If we only have this great pervading influence of Love, the giving up of self to God, what a difference it makes ! Then my little wishes, my disappointments, my failures, my sufferings, my fears, are all caught up into that great Will and held triumphantly there.

‘ Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on !
Faith’s pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

‘ He always wins who sides with God :
To him no chance is lost ;
God’s Will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.’

‘ A man who will go anywhere and do anything ’ is surely a great power, in Heavenly as well as in earthly service, a great spiritual force in God’s hand : for Caesar’s household has to be approached through the prison, and the world evangelized by a fettered hand instead of an active foot ; crucifixion and death are the road to life ; eunuchs of great authority are

to be found in the desert, and sometimes the quietest work is the work that lives. Love is just that spirit in which a man offers himself entirely to God. 'O God, I offer myself wholly to Thee, and then to whatsoever work Thou givest me to do.'

And equally true is it if we look towards our fellow-men, that Love is a foundation virtue. Ah! as we have looked into the machinery of our life we have found how much of it 'has no meaning standing apart!' We see all the apparatus for the formation of friendship; the places where the tender bands of home have bound themselves in; the points of contact with our fellows which explain the existence of societies, of cities, and nations.

Φύσει πολιτικός ἄνθρωπος (man is by nature a social being). We may wonder how men can cast off all these connections, and become sullen, morose, harsh, unloving, unkind, and misanthropic. We may wonder how a man can shut up all these open gates in selfishness. It is true that he stops the wear and tear of giving out, but it is also true that he stops the kindness, gentleness, softness, and blessings which are ready to come in. We cannot get far without Love, more especially if we wish to

help others, without taking out our store, perhaps when we are tired and faint ourselves, to give relief to the hungry. Perhaps men come to us as the prophet came to the widow woman, and ask us to make them a cake first out of the provision, all too slender and scanty, of our own comfort. We must give of our sympathy to aims sometimes petty, sometimes perverted and wearisome. We must bring down to them our own experience, the experience of trouble with which God has stored us perhaps for this very purpose, that we may help others. Plato in his *Republic* wishes that his physicians should have had themselves all diseases, that they may help others by experience. So we have to unbind our heart-sores and reopen our wounds to comfort and help others, by the 'comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' And notice, as has been so well pointed out, 'there is no injunction of a general love of men, *φιλανθρωπία*, in God's Word: he who is not our brother is our neighbour.' The widest Love, in other words, is personal, not a vague undefined sentiment, but the practical recognition of a real claim.¹

¹ Westcott.

‘He that works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half : he chills me while he aids :
My benefactor, not my brother man !’

Ah ! Love throws open wide all those points of contact with our friend and our neighbour, that is with the world ; and does it not need Love ? ‘Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.’ And the Spirit pours into the great machinery of our being, which finds it only too easy to be rough and hard, the germ of that ‘infinite pity’ in His gift of Love.

And yet our Master comes and claims even more than this. We can bring ourselves to bear upon the poor in their miseries, the ignorant in their great spiritual privations, the weak in their hopeless impotence ; we can for such draw out our love and unbind our sympathies, and bring forth our treasures. But our Master lays His hand on all this polished, keen workmanship, and says, ‘Love your *enemies*.’ Love that man who despises you ; who has injured you ; whose every action grates upon you ; whose company is like sackcloth to the skin, irritating, fretting—yes, revolting. Do not tolerate him merely, says our Master, endure him, respect him for certain good qualities, be

civil to him ; but love him ! And perhaps there arises a vision of a kind of feeble amiability, which is not strong enough to have likes or dislikes, a mere sickly, weak, morbid spirit of universal philanthropy. Do not people sometimes shrink back from this Divine order, ' Love your enemies,' as if it were something unreal, something not quite up to the high standard of the dignity of human nature ? But note the expression, '*Love* your enemies.' Love is not a weak word, or a weak emotion, and never can be. Love knows how to send for its two bodyguards, resentment and justice, and to prevent any enfeebling of its strength or diminishing of its power. There is no doubt whatever that *Love* of our enemies, and nothing short of it, is required of us. And further, perhaps we may believe that this Love will develop itself within us, when our powers are working rightly under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

Now a man may say, How can I love my enemy ? How can I control my feelings in all their impulsive freedom of like and dislike ? I cannot force them ; I can make myself do the actions of love, while the feelings stand by and protest, but I cannot really love him for whom my inmost heart has only feelings of hatred

and contempt. But it has been clearly pointed out that this is inadequate, that we must attack the feeling as well, and bend the feeling itself to Love. Further, it has been pointed out that there is a root of Love at the bottom of the human heart, which only requires the removal of the presence of other things to assert itself. Such things as selfish aims, low cares, jealousies, self-love, and the like ; so that if with all our heart we strove to remove by an effort, as we would strive to remove a bad thought, this 'adverse occupancy of the mind,' Love would have a chance to assert itself, until, by continued actions, the habit of Love was formed.¹ And nothing short of this will correspond to that fruit of the Spirit which is Love.

And perhaps this principle of Love should be carried further still. Perhaps our Master would have us feel that we ought to move amidst what we call Nature with a loving tread, as a mediator between Him and the lower creation, to discover, to develop, and mature all the varied resources of the world, and to try, as much as in us lies, to roll away some of that failure (*ματαιότης*), which has passed through

¹ See *Mozley's Sermons*, 'The Work of the Spirit,' pp. 153, 154.

from us to them, who share in the sorrows of the Fall, as they also share in the hope of Redemption. Yes; surely this Love, this fruit of the Spirit, will carry us as far as this. We shall have Love towards God, and towards our fellow-men; but more than this, we shall be a loving influence wherever we go, in the overflowing abundance of Love, poured into us from on high.

Let us try now and see one or two characteristics of Love, one or two signs of its indwelling, abiding presence. First of all Love will be thoughtful. 'If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.'¹ How much thoughtfulness may we trace in the Love of God! 'God so loved us.' There is all the thoughtfulness which lies around our creation, the beauty of the world we live in, the wonderful adaptation of our life, the daily tenderness and forethought of God, Who clothes the lily, Who feeds the ravens, and marks the fall of the sparrow to the ground, Who bids us cast out our cares and lay aside anxiety, for He is caring for us, and marking all our needs and wants. Or, look again, if we may say so with reverence, at all the thoughtfulness which lies around our Re-

¹ 1 S. John iv. 11.

demption. There is the wondrous sacrifice taking away the sins of the world, there is the tender care of the Good Samaritan, Who binds up the wounds of sin-stricken humanity, and provides for its needs in the sheltering Inn of the Church. Or look once more at the thoughtfulness which surrounds our sanctification. Our spiritual life is designed to grow by easy progress from the font to the grave. Baptism bestows the new principle of life, which is caught up and braced in Confirmation, purged in Absolution, fed in Holy Communion, and tended and watched by a ministering Church, right on through the fever of life, past the perils and assaults of the last hour, and laid with blessing in the grave. 'His Commandments are not grievous'¹ to those who pass along the smoothly graduated steps of the Church. And so, must not our Love be equally thoughtful? Must we not try to do all we can to open up life to our fellow-men? Life, in all its grand and far-reaching powers, not the little portion of it, which too often passes for life. Ought we not to extend the horizon of their view by opening the window towards the Jerusalem of religion, by enlightening their minds, by un-

¹ 1 S. John v. 3.

twining the chains which the bullying flesh has twisted around them? Ought we not to be thoughtful in trying to help on all those special works of thoughtful Love which are in the world, such as schools, and penitentiaries, and hospitals, and the like? If God so loved us, if every stage of this Creative, Redemptive, Sanctifying Path is marked with thoughtful Love, there is, we may be sure, Creative, Redemptive, Sanctifying Work for us also to do, whom He condescends to call fellow-workers with Him in the bond and power of Love.

And a second characteristic of Love will be *Sacrifice*. Love is ready at any moment to sacrifice itself. Think how our Divine Lord and Master gave up His quiet and His retirement, His food and His sleep, at the calls of Love. Think how patient He was with the misconception, the ignorance, and the unbelief which He encountered! Ah, yes! It is good for us to think of all the work done out of sight for this hungry selfish world: of the unknown, unchronicled benevolence of some country parsonage, of the spring of goodness gushing out in some retired and secret nook, and rushing on to gladden towns and to water

the fields, and at last to carry great ships on its bosom, into the arms of the welcoming sea. It is good for us to think of those who labour in the deep mines of life, that we may be warmed and enlightened, of those who work the hidden machinery, that we may cut the waves more freely, and barter and exchange in the community of social commerce. It is good for us to think of the missionary toiling under the burning sun of Africa, leaving home and kindred and advancement, that he may spread among the heathen 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' Wherever we see it, wherever we find it, self-surrender is a beautiful thing; it is the second characteristic of that fruit of the Spirit growing within, which is Love.

And a third characteristic is surely *unweariedness*. 'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.'¹ Ah, yes! That continual uninterrupted Love is hard and difficult to maintain when the child of our love ceases to be interesting; when it is rough and uncouth, and as yet unable to come back to us with any return in its hands. It is difficult to love on when disappointment after disappointment has made

¹ S. John xiii. 1.

us hard, and we feel that we can scarcely have patience again to renew the effort; when the crucifixion is very long, and we have been kept hanging there, forgotten and despised, through the burning day. But the evening comes at last. When even was come Christ was taken down from the Cross, and we, too, shall be taken down when our time comes. It is not a sign of the follower of the Crucified to be ready to comply with the taunt, 'Save thyself!'

Oh, then, that this Love may be ours! Oh that we may have grace to put all we have, and all that we are, at the absolute disposal of God for Man's sake, for the world's sake—yes, for His sake Who condescends to ask for our Love, to be caught up into the brightness of His all-consuming Love.

III

Joy.

Χαρά.

A SECOND note of the spiritual life, a second fruit of the Spirit, is Joy. In every life which is working harmoniously there will be the strong impress of Joy, as the fruit of the Spirit growing up in the soul which is alive unto God.

And what is Joy? Equally with Love it seems to elude and escape definition, and in some sense to baffle an intelligible description of its nature. But possibly Joy may be something like this, an outward expression of a happiness which is alike absorbing and real. There is, for example, the genuine Joy of a little child shouting in his games, absorbed in the pursuit of the moment; there is the deeper Joy penetrating even to the face of an intellectual man, as he is 'enjoying' some scientific pursuit; and there is a Joy, the peculiar property of the soul, which hangs

with a pervading fragrance round the writings of the saints and their books of devotion, so much so, that sometimes their words seem strange and unreal to our colder hearts; a Joy which indicates a satisfaction which the world can neither give nor take away. So that we might further describe Joy as the radiant atmosphere which plays around pleasure; and if pleasure is, roughly speaking, satisfaction, and the highest pleasure the highest satisfaction, Joy will be the illumination, half conscious half unconscious, which plays about the life of true pleasure.

And here, perhaps, two *dicta* may be brought in to help us, the one inspired, the other un-inspired. 'The Joy of the Lord is your strength,'¹ that is one; and the other is this, 'The excellence of the work is *cæteris paribus* in proportion to the Joy of the workman.' So that Joy is that subtile radiance which plays around the harmonious working of the great machine of our life, as it darts along exulting in its strength (*σθένει βλεμεινών*) as it were; the Spirit expanding and bounding and throbbing in the in-poured strength from on high, the soul rejoicing in its vigorous work, adapt-

¹ Neh. viii. 10.

ing itself to the materials of life as they are presented to it in one long *magnificat*. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour;' while the body is a joyful minister of willing help, in its smooth, even, trained working, a conscious agent of energy and strength. Sometimes we may fancy that even an inanimate machine, with its beautiful adjustments and nice mechanism, seems to work with a smoothness which is almost Joy; but in this great engine of life it is no fancy; its harmonious working is Joy, and Joy gives it strength to cut and carve the various materials, rough and smooth, which come before it. And Joy gives it strength, so that there shall be no slurred or jagged or twisted or perverted work. 'The Joy of the Lord is your strength.' 'The excellence of the work is *cæteris paribus* in proportion to the Joy of the workman.'

Joy, then, is a gift of the Spirit, consequent on the possession of other gifts: a gift itself and an indication of gifts, and, as we may well believe, an immense spiritual force. Just that working smoothly and evenly in perfect order, with something of that 'oil of gladness' dropping down upon it from on high, if it be

admissible so to alter the original metaphor.

And it has been pointed out in a recent sermon that this was the dominant note which rang through the first proclamations of Christianity—Joy. ‘Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing,’¹ is the very watchword of the Christian. It is Joy which is in the very front of our Saviour’s teaching in the Beatitudes ; it is His last legacy before His Passion, ‘These things have I spoken unto you, that My Joy might remain in you, and that your Joy might be full.’² ‘Your sorrow shall be turned into Joy.’³ ‘Your Joy no man taketh from you.’⁴ ‘Ask, and ye shall receive, that your Joy may be full.’⁵ It is the peculiar province of the Church, that it is fulfilled with a ministration of Joy. ‘The truths concerning God and man, concerning this life and the life to come, that reveal the unsuspected opportunities of Joy in the lot of all men ; the deep and simple laws of Christian ethics, guiding men’s feet into the way of peace ; the news of light and strength, the hopes that can penetrate even the densest cloud of suffering or desolation ;

¹ 2 Cor. vi. 10. ² S. John xv. 11. ³ S. John xvi. 20.

⁴ S. John xvi. 22. ⁵ S. John xvi. 24.

the power of the new and endless life vouchsafed in Baptism ; the words of Absolution, through which the miracle of God's forgiveness springs forth to take away the great hindrance of men's Joy, and to cleanse and heal and quicken ; the most blessed Body and Blood of Christ our Lord, the Conqueror of sin and death, the Day-spring from on high, Whose delights are with the sons of men ; these are the things which we are sent to minister, these are the mysteries of God with which we go to face the sadness of a fallen and bewildered world.'¹

We will not, then, despise *enthusiasm*, that being acted upon by the Divine Spirit, that presence of the God within, shedding forth His influence upon life. Oh, how that joy in work carries a man on ! Now it lifts him up in the rapture of devotion, 'whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.'² It drives him on in the absorbing pursuit of an ideal, through the rough and smooth places of the world, forgetting all else but the object of his search, in invention, in labour, in art, yes, in holiness.

¹ Sermon preached at Ely by Rev. F. Paget, D.D., 1887.
Guardian Report.

² 2 Cor. xii. 3.

It sustains him in that burning resolve to achieve something, to redress something, to overcome something, which is irresistible.

Is there not rather a tendency as we get older to lose our enthusiasm, to get a little dull, and a little blunted? and to say that we have sobered down?

‘The source from whence we weep
Too near the surface lies in youth;
In age it lies too deep.’

Ah! should it not be rather ‘they also shall bring forth more fruit in their age’?¹ ‘The joy of the Lord is thy strength.’

And the simple ‘power of being pleased’ is in itself not to be despised. We mistake sometimes our coldness and sternness, and that dignified *nil admirari*, for something else than it really is. There is such a thing as rust, and the dust of long work, and the wearing out of unrenewed strength, over which the oil of gladness has no power. Remember that man alone can laugh, and delight in the deeper joys of nature and the glories of art. Ah, there are innumerable little ducts and channels through which it seems meant that the ‘oil of gladness’ should be

¹ Ps. xcii. 13.

poured into our life. 'Consider the lilies,'¹ says our blessed Lord, as if parts of nature were designed expressly to give us delight, in the unfolding beauty and splendour displayed before our eyes! What fields of wonder and enchantment open upon us through the imaginative faculty! What subtile and pure pleasures art and music conjure up before us! What force there is in such words as 'recreation' and 'amusement'! Nothing short of a complete renewal of our jaded nature, or the very enchanting us away by the thralldom of an engrossing delight. Are all these things to be lightly set aside or 'despised'? Is companionship nothing, or the society of books which brings us into contact with the great minds of all ages? Yes, even what we call 'high spirits,' if we have it, is a thing to be thankful for. Let us thank God for every little pleasure, every little amusement, recreation, or delight. For they are all part of that 'oil of gladness' which makes the machine of life go smoothly; they all go to form that fruit of the Spirit which is 'Joy,' which pervades the harmonious working of life.

And we must not despise that glorying

¹ S. Matt. vi. 28.

in tribulations also.¹ Some people are quite beaten down by the work which they have to do ; quite disheartened by the imperfect instruments which they turn out, or by comparison of their own failure with others' success. But if the machine itself is working aright, and if God sets the work, surely there will be Joy.

'Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, rejoice.'² Think only when and where those words were written, in apparent failure, from the prison at Rome ! Think of the joy as of the soldier being ordered on active service when some difficult work is given us ! 'A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries.'³ Think of that joyful taking up of the Cross. 'Now I have something to make me really feel, now I can put sackcloth upon my flesh, and no one shall know it'; just as we read of the Apostles, how, beaten, threatened, and misunderstood, 'they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name.'⁴ Yes, Joy is a very needful gift, a very blessed gift, little

¹ Rom. v. 3.

³ 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

² Phil. iv. 4.

⁴ Acts v. 41.

valued, little sought for, but still one of those gifts of the Spirit which constitute the very refinement of Christianity.

And Joy has its distinguishing marks and characteristics, as well as 'Love,' the freshness and verdure which mark out its course. And one of these surely will be hopefulness: joyful through hope,¹ is what we pray that every baptized person may be, as he passes through the difficulties of the world. It is a characteristic of joy that it makes us so hopeful; so that in the warm rush of delight a man does not even know when he is beaten, but presses on to victory, through failure and defeat which had otherwise crushed him. How many a man has surmounted apparently insuperable obstacles, because Joy has whispered to Hope, and Hope has said, 'It can be done.'

'Possunt quia posse videntur.'

(They can, because they think they can.)

How often, when weapon after weapon has shivered in the grasp, and the difficulty is making head and gathering strength, Joy has fallen back on the strong reserve of Hope, and returned to the fight, confident in the strength

¹ Baptismal Service.

of that belief, 'God has thought me capable, or He would not have placed me here where I am.' 'Joyful through hope,' let us never lose sight of this, and in the darkness of the pit of trouble we shall see the stars shining above us, if we seem to have lost the light of the sun at noonday.

And a second characteristic will be *brightness*. It makes all the difference to life if Joy is shining within. It sheds a rainbow light across the darkest storm. And brightness not only makes a difference to our own lives, but also to the lives of other people, if instead of the creaking, groaning machinery, they have in its place the smooth, easy, joyous life before their eyes. Benevolent people talk of brightening the homes of the poor, and it is a blessed work to attempt ; but bright lives do a great deal to cheer and help all around them. Perhaps others are bearing their cross better, or doing their work with greater ease, because they can walk in our brightness ; whereas gloom and melancholy, and 'the indolent rebellion of complaint,' would cause them to loosen their hold from very weariness, and to fall crushed and broken below.

And a third characteristic of Joy may well

be *evenness*. A life in which there is nothing of those alternations of depression and excitement, of exultation and despair, which cause it to expand and contract with a suddenness which well-nigh cracks it in two ; a variableness so wearisome to the man himself, so painful to his friends. Instead of this, Joy sheds abroad a quiet, even glow, all over work, just as God Himself, in His wondrous Love, has an evenness of beauty in all forms of His working. There is the beauty of the spring life and the beauty of the autumn decay, the beauty of the summer sun and the beauty of the winter cloud. So with us, however varied and diversified the work of our life may be in its vicissitudes and changes, still the evenness of Joy with which we work may be uniform, until death itself comes as only one more day's experience 'with God onwards.' 'Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice.' 'The Joy of the Lord is thy strength.' And it is not a little remarkable that Dante in his great poem assigns a special torment to the melancholy :—

'Sad once were we,
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within.'¹

¹ Dante : *Inferno*, canto vii.

Or again—

‘Whoe’er deprives himself of life and light,
In reckless lavishment his talents wastes,
And sorrows there, where he should dwell in joy.’¹

And Spenser has the same idea—

‘For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use His gifts, for thanklesse nigardise.’²

These surely are but expressions of the same great thought, that the fruit of the Spirit is Joy And where there is only gloom and sadness instead of brightness and light, there must then be some other agency at work, which loveth darkness rather than light, not the joyous agency of that Holy Influence, Whose ‘blessed unction from above, is comfort, life, and fire of Love.’³

¹ Dante : *Inferno*, canto xi.

² *Faery Queen*, Book IV. canto viii. stanza 15.

³ Compare Hackett’s motto, ‘Serve God and be cheerful.’

IV

Peace.

Εἰρήνη.

WE now reach a third note of the spiritual life, a third fruit of the Spirit, which is *Peace*. That Peace which is 'the tranquillity of order,' which, like the other fruit, Joy, settles down in a blessed calm over the steady working of our being when all its different parts are moving harmoniously. And Peace perhaps will be that power which, as the great engine goes plunging on amidst obstacles and disturbances of all kinds, keeps it unmoved, unfettered, unimpaired—just as we read of 'the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' *keeping* our hearts and minds.¹

Now Peace is not an ordinary nor a common fruit ; rather it is terribly rare. Men are rifling the earth of its treasures and secrets, its

¹ Phil. iv. 7.

beauties and pleasures, but Peace does not seem to brood over their efforts. If we stand in any public thoroughfare, or scan any large congregation of men and women, it is not Peace which we see stamped on their foreheads or shadowed forth in their actions. Our very prayers seem tossed and torn by storm-drifts, and angry tempests menacing to Peace. What a depth of meaning there is in that Collect, first breathed forth perhaps amidst the convulsions of the death-throes of the decaying Western Empire: 'Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'¹ We all are conscious of many a blow which makes us stagger, of the triple wave of trouble towering towards us with menacing front and whitening crest, ready to burst upon our already reeling lives.

But, so it is, the fruit of the Spirit is Peace: not the *ἀπάθεια*, the calmness of the Stoics, to be won by a deliberate crushing out of feeling; not the mere Hedonism of the Epicureans, which cannot allow even a painful thought;

Collect for Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

but with every sensitive nerve finely strung, with passion, feeling, and affection all alive and warm within us, the pursuing our way in tranquillity, calm and unruffled, protected by an influence which is nothing else than an armed escort¹—the Peace of God.

Now there would seem to be two great counter influences to jar and disturb and throw out this Peace. The one is a godlessness, of which we are oftentimes unconscious; the other is the presence of Satan, molesting, harassing, disturbing, even where he fails to kill.

‘Neither is God in all his thoughts.’² Here is the description of that ~~first~~ adverse influence. Why is it that in the face of God’s promises, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;’³ ‘Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,’⁴ that yet, as far as we are concerned, He is absent from large portions of our life? There is that anxiety which divides up our life and maims our energies, which burns deep into the channels of our activity, and sometimes impairs us altogether. Is anxiety sent from God? Has He not said, ‘Take no anxious thought,’⁵ ‘casting

¹ φρουρήσει, shall guard, as with a garrison.

Heb. xiii. 5.

⁴ S. Matt. xxviii. 20.

² Ps. x. 4.

⁵ S. Matt. vi. 25.

(down) all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' ¹ It is we who drop the hand of God and try to walk alone. It is we who cast ourselves out of the ship, and try to walk on the water of trouble to go to Jesus, and fail because of our want of faith. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' ² Then there is worry, as we call it, which fritters away our powers, each little drop of trouble falling with an unrelieved monotony and wearing out our strength—*non vi sed saepe cadendo*—(not by force but frequent falling). This again is not God's doing; there is something amiss with the machinery of life, which is being maimed by instead of using the circumstances of its environment. We do not believe that God, Who governs the world, can remove a petty trouble from our clouded life. 'We use the realm of the possible, which was given for man to hope, only to fear in.' So again it is with depression, which weighs our footsteps to the earth. We walk and are sad, because our eyes are holden so that we do not know the Companion Who wishes to cheer us, and resolve the doubts and fears which harass us. Depression very often is nothing else than a growing weary of God, a desire to go back

¹ 1 S. Peter v. 7.

² Isa. xxviii. 16.

into Egypt with Pharaoh rather than stay in the desert with God. Or discontent, again, what is this but a stepping aside from His Will, the putting of our own plans, our own patterns, in the place of God and His truth? In all these ways we step aside from God, and throw away with our own hands the Heaven-born gift of Peace.

And this is what we need to alter, if this fruit of the Spirit is to grow within us. We must secure the abiding presence of God, not only when we are in His house or on our knees, and in times of our better moments, but always, everywhere, and in all circumstances—in times of joy and trouble, in times of sorrow and gladness, so that our nights as well as days, our darkness as well as light, may ‘bless the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.’ And this depends on one very simple thing. We push God from us most often because we have not really learnt the simple lesson of the Lord’s Prayer, ‘Thy will be done.’ If we are doing God’s Will we have God as our fellow-worker, and where God’s presence is there is Peace. All, it may be, has gone well for a time; we have honestly recognised that our birth, our position, and the circumstances of our life

have been ordered by a higher power ; but at some fatal moment there has become a divergence, God's Will has pointed one way and our own will has pointed another, and then has come the miserable struggle which has banished peace : through the ever-widening rift have poured in all those troubles of which we have been thinking—anxiety, worry, depression, discontent, and all their kindred evils. But in the end God's Will prevails, and we have to do unwillingly what we might have done at first with pleasure. The broken machinery has to be repaired in all the hammering and riveting of some great sorrow ; the twisted wheels of life to be stretched back into their place by some sickness ; the true dependence upon God re-established by the severance of some impeding tie, albeit fast-bound round the very centre of our being. And with a life now patched and restored, still smarting from our wounds, and aching from that wrench which saved us, we recognise at last that God's Will was the best, that His Will was the way of Peace.

And must it not be so? Is it not always so? Can we see that which is approaching through the thick veil which overhangs the future? God from on high is able to foresee

coming events. And He shapes our ends wonderfully and tenderly and mercifully to meet that which He sees is slowly approaching. David learns at the sheep-folds to shepherd God's people Israel as their future king. He learns, by slaying the lion and bear in childhood, the reliance upon God which is to help him against the greater peril from the giant Philistine. S. Peter learns at the fishing-boat to catch men ; S. Matthew at the receipt of custom to take tolls for his Heavenly Master ; S. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel the wisdom which is to stand him in good stead afterwards. To walk with God, in His felt presence, is to have life's troubles broken to us as they come : one day is the preparation for the next ; one sorrow for another ; one difficulty overcome is the help to overcome the next. Each day is met with the undivided strength which belongs to it, unimpaired by apprehension for an unknown future, braced up by an ever-gathering experience of unbroken blessings in the past. 'Look only at to-day,' says the loving-kindness of God. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Single days are single lives. There is no difference between a day and an age—*'Singulos dies singulas vitas*

puta. Nihil interest inter diem et sæculum.' And He who sits above the water-floods, a King for ever, He will provide the strength and the resource for each day as it comes, while we pursue our way in *peace*. Only—we need to keep quiet. It is sometimes very difficult to keep quite still in God's hand. Darker and darker grows the gloom ; forms of ill seem to flit around us ; friends leave us, loneliness oppresses us, an utter distaste settles over us—a feeling of nameless dread. What is it all coming to, this dark day? Friends din into our ears the trite maxims of patience ; but it is difficult to be still and know that it is God. Yet, sitting still, patient and expectant, we have learnt to love, and from Love has streamed out the radiance of Joy, and with Love and Joy comes Peace. And, stopping to ask ourselves what is Peace, we say it is the abiding sense of God's presence and might within us, against which the troubles of life beat without power and break without overwhelming.

The second disturbing influence which is hostile to the tranquillity of Peace is the adverse presence of Satan to tempt, to harass, and, if possible, to destroy. Temptation, as

we commonly call it, is one of the most serious troubles which can beset the life of man. And we are by nature terribly exposed to its influence. There are great tracts of our being which are being constantly swept by its fury and malignity, and we are day by day and hour by hour assaulted and shaken by it. First of all there is the vast region of thought. The mind is ever working like some great engine; some people think that even in sleep it is still revolving, catching at any chance sound, or snatching up any passing influence, or turning over and over the undigested mass of the incidents of the day. It is fed by memory from the past, by imagination from the future, by the senses from the present. And thoughts, and ideas, and purposes, and fancies, and plans are constantly being moulded and shaped by it, for good or for evil. It is Satan's purpose, if possible, to get the command of this instrument, to feed it with what is evil, and to produce out of it sin. He bribes the senses with pleasures, he dazzles the imagination with fascinating pictures, he plies the memory with scenes of past iniquity. If facts fail his purpose, he knows where to find poison-

ous fiction : he can employ music and painting, and art of all kinds ; he even knows how to manipulate religion to his purpose ; he labours hard, and out of the heart proceeds an evil thought. And then this quickly spreads, the senses are ever ready for a mutiny, the eye casts its glance of evil, the ear drinks in her sounds of shame, the touch feels after her prey, the smell is intoxicated with stupefying fumes, the taste dethrones reason from her seat, and 'sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.'¹

And then the tongue spreads the poison, from life to life, in malignity, and bitterness, and seductive suggestion ; and action upon action rivets the chains of habit, until all the forces of being are diverted from their purpose. The will is dethroned and helpless ; the spirit cut off from its channels of supply ; the conscience twisted from its purpose, calling evil good and good evil. The senses are banded in a democracy of passion, and all good influences are seized and turned into evil ; the things that should have been for wealth are made into an occasion of falling. Such is the occupancy of Satan, when once

¹ S. James i. 15.

admitted through successful temptation. And as we pursue our way we feel the blows smiting on the surface of life ; we feel a hand busied about our most cherished treasures, we find obstacle after obstacle in our path. We know what it means ; but is there any reason why this should disturb our peace ? Most surely not. We have learnt at least these two great facts. First, that every one is tempted, and that not even the holiness of the Son of God was exempted from it. Secondly, that temptation is not sin, but rather the material out of which vice or virtue is formed. As it is said, 'It belongeth to devils to be overcome by evil temptations, and to sin from very wickedness ; it belongeth to Angels not to feel temptation ; it belongeth to men to feel temptation and to conquer.' But have we learnt further the positive blessings of temptation ? It may be utilised, turned to our spiritual account. Is it not most often, when it comes, the remains of old sin—dead now, it may be, but still there ? Is it not Satan coming to the old familiar door, where he was once welcomed, and refusing to understand the change which has come over us, and declining to be turned away ? Is it not the disagreeable

memento of an old habit turning up against us where we least expected or desired it? If so, what a help is here to enable us to develop that rare and shy fruit of humility, which is among the very first of Christian virtues! What a corrective to that pride which 'feeds upon our best actions!' What a call to that which we are so apt to forget—watchfulness, and self-discipline, and self-distrust! And then it does us a still further service—it drives the soul back on its supports in prayer, and, like a frightened child in its mother's embrace, feels a sense of safety; so confidence returns to us as we feel the pressure of the everlasting arms. Further, it makes the soul feel its own strength and security by God's help; for just as we never value so much the shelter of a good roof and stout walls as when the wind is howling and whistling and battling with its storm-blasts against the house, so the storm of temptation may but intensify the peace within. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'¹ Peace may come in the very midst of temptation, the peace of a well-ordered security.

¹ Isa. xxvi. 3.

Such are the two great enemies to peace, whose efforts against us, if faithfully met, will strengthen rather than flutter our tranquillity. But there are many minor foes as well which will serve to blunt the edge of our purpose, and distort our aims, and frustrate our endeavours, if we are not careful to resist them. Such is 'the empty happiness' of castle-building, for instance, which delays the real work of life to waste its energies on a phantom which produces in its train disappointment, and sheds over the freshness of effort the melancholy of regret. There is the inordinate affection for any creature, and the spirit of too great attachment to things of this world, which paralyses activity and makes us slothful in God's business. Peace, once more, is the tranquillity of order—calm in the presence of God, calm in the felt superiority over all assaults of the enemy, calm in full submission to God's merciful ordering; and, when tie after tie is snapped, and the golden threads which bind us down to earth are cut away one by one, in the great severance of death itself, still—Peace.

V

Long-suffering.

Μακροθυμία.¹

A FOURTH mark of the spiritual life, a fourth fruit of the Spirit, is *Long-suffering*. And Long-suffering is perhaps that power which enables us to suffer on, which will not let us become ruffled, or put back, or paralysed, or overwhelmed by difficulties as they come upon us. For we must all suffer—there is no question about that—only suffering affects people in different ways; some are broken and prostrated, while others are braced, chastened, and purified by it. And therefore it will be well, it may be, to give the word Long-suffering a very full meaning, to look upon it as the power of bearing with suffering, assimilating it, utilising it, instead of being irritated, fretted, and put out by it.

¹ 'πάντας βάσταζε, ὡς καὶ σε Ὁ Κύριος.'—S. Ignatius.

And we do well to realise that we have to exercise Long-suffering quite early in our spiritual life, in our very dealings with the great and good God Himself. We remember how in His mercy He is ever urging us to be strong. We remember His constant gifts of strength bestowed upon us. It is a characteristic gift in Baptism, pre-eminently so in Confirmation, and also in our frequent Communion, this gift of strength. The great machine is girded and bound with mighty bands of spiritual strength, because He knows that the strain which He must put upon us is immense. It is quite possible that there is some growing evil within the soul, of which we are scarcely conscious. Moses is hasty, fiery, and impetuous: it is God's Will to make him the meekest man upon earth, and so he is placed in constant communication with those whose prevailing vice is stiff-necked obstinacy. How much of bitter trial, testing and straining the very inmost life, is gathered up in those words, 'Because they provoked his spirit: so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips.'¹

May it have been, again, that there was something of this testing in giving the bag to Judas?

¹ Ps. cvi. 33.

May it have been for him an acquaintance with trial, a putting, as it were, the weak part of the soul under the fire of temptation, to burn out the disabling covetousness?

Sometimes we ourselves have wondered why in God's good providence we are given a work to do which is a special temptation to us. And at last the truth becomes apparent that God has some signal favour to bestow upon us; that He wishes us to recover, by using it, the power in some maimed limb, to make whole by painful exercise some impaired faculty. To walk upon it, to stretch it, to move it, with many a cry of anguish and many a secret groan, and then at last to feel a new strength in an unlooked for department of life. Or further, it may be some distinguished grace, some pre-eminent honour, that He is waiting to bestow upon us; but He has to delay until He can see whether we can bear the preliminary cutting and carving which is to prepare our souls to receive it. *Vae his qui perdidērunt sustinentiam*: ['Woe to them that have lost the power of bearing!'] and what will ye do when the Lord shall visit you?'¹ The rich young ruler could not bear all that cutting

¹ Ecclesiasticus ii. 14.

away of position and wealth, and so he lost the crown of a peculiar blessing. And it is not unfrequent now to find that men will even cast back the gift of life in the face of God Who gave it; or betake themselves to vicious courses from very weariness and distaste of His methods; or lose all patience and brightness and hope out of life, because they have failed in this power of bearing—because they are devoid of this *μακροθυμία*, or Long-suffering, which makes a man's soul truly wait still upon God, knowing that of Him in the end will surely come his Salvation.

And it is just the same with God's methods of *working*, which He consigns to our care, and puts as instruments into our hands. His methods seem terribly slow to our impatience. We have to deal with a system of work which of necessity demands much time, where planting and watering and maturing all must have their ordered course, where the bud precedes the flower and the flower the fruit, and forming has to develop into ripening, and ripening into full maturity. Roots are ugly things, and when they are buried the garden looks very bare. Sometimes it is covered with snow, or dried up with the frost, or pulverised with the

east wind, or the growing plants are scorched by the sun or dashed with the wet. What a temptation it is to try and plant the bed with forced flowers, just to make a show while we are here ; or to damage the tree that we may hasten its untimely fruit. Is it not a characteristic of the present day that we are all very impatient in our work ? It is so in politics, everything must be done at once ; it is so in religion, method after method is attempted and cast away, as if it were a worn-out garment, almost before it has been used ; it is so in education, give us results at any cost, and let competitive examinations settle everything. But if we are to work together with God, we shall need a great deal of patience. ‘ You can hurry man,’ said Bishop Milman, ‘ but you cannot hurry God.’ Of Him it is true, *patiens quia aeternus*, [He is patient because He is Eternal.] He waits for the slow weaving in of all the strands of action in history. He can wait for the storm of unbelief to blow itself out ; He can wait for hunger and nakedness to do their work with the prodigal. And therefore to any one who is working in God’s way, and using God’s methods, the Holy Spirit sheds abroad this fruit of Long-suffering, or patience ; other-

wise in our restless hurry we might haply be found even to fight against God.

And if we are tempted to be impatient with God's methods of working, are we not equally tempted to grow out of heart, to be sullen and displeased with the character of the actual portion of work which is assigned to us? Why send a patriot like Jonah to Nineveh? What use is it for Ananias to go to a man like Saul, whose bigotry and intolerance and persecuting spirit are notorious? What good is it for me to stand up in some Areopagus, where some mock, and others say, 'I will hear thee again of this matter'? Why am I thus weighted with the message which the natural man cannot and will not receive? People tell me they cannot see and they cannot know. May I not make it plainer? May I not leave behind me the disputed passages of the Old Testament, allegorise Genesis, cast S. James' Epistle into the Elbe, or at least apologise for the brief which I hold? This 'offence of the Cross,' must it be? Need it be? The Jews seek for a sign: men will stay outside the Church system, and ask to see those things which can only be seen from within. I cannot bring down the view which can be seen from the house-tops and show

it to them in the streets, or explain to them the mystery of the stars while they refuse to use a telescope ; yet this is what they ask for. I can only say, ' If any man will do His Will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.'¹ I can only say, ' Come and see,'² ' Come within,' ' Climb, and the view will open up before you.' Or ' the Greeks seek after wisdom,'³ the Cross to them is so repelling in its stern simplicity, they ask for something more philosophical, with greater appeals to the intellect than to the heart. And so to the weary prophet, it seems sometimes to be only Isaiah's message over again, ' Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not ; and see ye indeed, but perceive not. Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes ; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed.'⁴ And yet how did the early church bear up, as all the forces of the world, its intellect, its prejudices, its passions, its strength, its very religion, seemed turned against it ; when God required of them duties which almost necessitated persecution,

¹ S. John vii. 17.

² *Ibid.* i. 46.

³ 1 Cor. i. 22.

⁴ Isa. vi. 9, 10.

and principles which courted contumely and insult. 'Come and see!' This is ever a hard message to a cautious, calculating, self-sufficient world. Truly it requires some degree of Long-suffering if we aspire in any way, within or without, to work together with God.

But this is not all. We shall need Long-suffering also in our intercourse with our fellow-men. There is a want of refinement very often, as well as misunderstanding, which we have to deal with, coupled with injustice, misrepresentation, imputation of motives, or ingratitude. Friendship, in the very midst of all its blessings, has introduced a long catalogue of trials, all its own, most of them partaking of the nature of delicate heart-sorrows. The fact that we have to mix with others in the intercourse of daily life makes us obnoxious to enmity, jealousy, hatred, selfishness, and all the petty annoyances with which human nature can pierce the joints of the harness which protect a fellow-creature. The mere fact of working with others sometimes brings with it its corresponding difficulties. He sent them forth by two and two ¹ (*misit eos binos*), we read. Which of them went with

¹ S. Mark vi. 7.

Judas? And how did he fare? How often did that spirit crop up, even in the Apostolic band, sheltered under the shadow of Christ's wing—'Who shall be greatest?' Yes, perhaps in these relations of life, more than anywhere else, we need the spirit of Long-suffering. Just in the giving and taking of everyday life, when the angles of our character are being rubbed off, when we have to endure what we think to be slights or affronts put upon us, when we feel ourselves passed by or overlooked. It has been well said, 'It is one thing to be resolute in placing oneself out of the question, and another to endure that others should perform the exclusion for us.' In all such difficulties, when we are learning to fit into our place, whatever that place may be, it will help us to think of Jesus Christ, how He stood alone, and often misunderstood, in His intercourse with His friends and His earthly relations, and the disciples whom He had formed by teaching and discipline; or even among those who had received His benefits, and who seemed most soon to forget Him and desert Him; and then to remember that there is very often a great deal to be said for those who make *us* suffer, and a very good reason why we should be misunder-

stood. Injustice is perhaps, after all, only our way of describing what we really deserve from others, according to the spirit of that cynical description of merit which speaks of it as 'only one man's opinion of another.' Neither can we speak of ingratitude when we remember our own conduct towards our highest Benefactor. 'We indeed justly,' is all that we can say when smarting under wounds inflicted by rough and unthinking companions. Nor must we forget, when fretting over want of sympathy, or want of appreciation, or a maimed and halting companionship, that God Almighty, in His wonderful Providence, appoints us, apparently, to be guardians for Him of this or that person, or of this or that class of persons; that just as He gives wealth to a few to distribute around them, or science to a few 'to profit withal,' so perhaps He commits to our care the companion who is no companion, the people who are dull and unreceptive, the class of people whose ways of thinking are most uncongenial to us. Ah! yes: there is no strain so continuous as that of helping the weak friend to climb. Every footstep has to be steadied as he laboriously ascends; he gets fatigued, he gets giddy, he disdains the use

of the rope ; perhaps he slips and falls ; his constant stumbles seem to imperil our very existence. Shall we leave him ? He keeps us back, he makes our progress slow ; we cannot enjoy the prospect by the way, nor the delight of climbing ; but yet it is a trust which we may not betray. He is given to us ; we are, indeed, before God and Angels and men, our brother's keeper. Alas ! we are always trying to push away from us the responsibilities of this mediator-life. The priest, the man of wealth, the man of science, the politician—all are sometimes tempted to forget it. But this was the glory of the early Christian Church ; it waited for the little children, the old, the helpless, the infirm, all which the busy Empire would spurn from its hurried path. Do not let us think that we shall reach greater heights by neglecting those who, from the realms of duty or affection or simple circumstance, are crying out, 'Wait for me.' The priest and the Levite had no doubt excellent reasons for the course of action which they pursued ; but the verdict of mankind is given in favour of the good Samaritan who stopped on his journey until he had relieved a suffering neighbour. But all this will require the development within us of Long-suffering.

And yet further still, beside God and our neighbour, who each in their mysterious way demand the exercise of this virtue, there is self. We must learn to bear long with ourselves. If we think of some time of special effort, such as last Lent it may be, or some moment of earnest resolution, what fruit have we to show? Oh! so little. But still, just a little; and, after all, a little is better than no fruit at all. May it not be that, as in a great workshop we may see strewn about half-finished pieces of work, impaired by some flaw, or vitiated by some artistic defect, which have been thrown away and discarded, and then some master workman comes round and picks them up, and says that they can be worked again into something else, for the metal is good—so, may it not be that if by God's great mercy we reach Heaven at last, we shall find some of our *failures* there, in the special house, made up again into something else? For honest good work is never lost; and He Who gathers up the fragments cherishes our broken efforts and half-formed resolutions. Still, there they are! So many things taken in hand, so little accomplished. The rule of life which was to have been the scaffolding from which we might build

up our Jerusalem, still bare poles and nothing more. The course of study which was to brace our mind, unfinished, dissipated, and broken abruptly away. The systematic alms-giving, which was to make to us friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, of little value, and stunted in its performance. The definite work for God abandoned as soon as begun. It is a sad prospect, which daunts our hopes of progress. And then there are all our miserable imperfections ; the petty temper, the feelings which clamour down reason, the jealousy which demands sacrifices to self, the littleness which mars any efforts after nobleness. All these 'flies in the ointment' are very humiliating. And yet we must get over them, for we cannot turn back ; the temptation is to sit down, and fold our hands, and do nothing. But this fruit of the Holy Spirit which we are now considering, this *Long-suffering*, brings this about, that we are not disturbed as these difficulties beat upon us. I know what God is ; I know what my neighbour is ; I know what I myself am. I know that it is not, it cannot be, for long. See what I have passed upon the shore. I must be moving all the while that I seem to be only idly rising and falling with the heaving swell of time. The

stream is steady now ; it is not the first gushing burst from its source, or the rapid torrent, but the steady, strong, fertilising river. There is as much done by suffering as by action in the world. As has been well said, 'There are no little things in the world while God concerns Himself with all ;'¹ or again, 'Behind the veil there may be grades of greatness, but nothing insignificant.'² And as all the streams of experience are flowing into my life, it is gathering breadth and volume ; already the first indications are reaching me of the great inflowing tide which is coming to meet me. I shall in the end lose myself in that sea. Above all, I must keep close to God, all patient endurance is a *gift* of the Holy Spirit. My nature is to be impatient, hasty, fretful, weary, rebellious ; but Long-suffering is above nature—it is a fruit of the Spirit.

¹ Madame Swetchine.

² Dean Church.

VI

Gentleness.

Χρηστότης.

THE next note of the spiritual life, the next fruit of the Spirit, is *χρηστότης*, or, as we call it, Gentleness. And Gentleness is a very expressive word. It carries us back to the old idea of the *Gentiles*, whom Cicero tells us were thus distinguished. They were those who were of the same name; they were those who were sprung from noble parents; they were those whose ancestors had never been in known slavery; they were those who had never been degraded. And truly, according to this description, all Christians are *Gentiles*. Looking up to God we can say, 'We are called by Thy Name.' Looking to our parentage we can say, 'Thou, O God, art my Father,' for we are all His offspring. As His true descendants, the

boast is ours, 'We were never in bondage to any man.' We have never been degraded—for is it not our daily prayer of faith, 'In thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be confounded'? So that it would seem to be a just pride of family which is at the bottom of that word 'gentle'; and, spiritually, Gentleness is the abiding sense of the honour and dignity of our Heavenly origin. And so this fruit unfolds itself, it follows hard upon long-suffering; being a sort of constant realisation of our Father, our rank, and position; coupled with a feeling of reverence, tenderness, self-restraint, and respect, which comes from habitually living in the presence of God. 'Such as are gentle, them shall He learn His way.'¹ 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.'²

And we ought, it may be, always to move with great Gentleness amidst the handiwork of God; with a feeling of reverence amidst the order, life, and beauty of this world; with some of that holy reserve, which the builders of our great Gothic cathedrals understood when they reared the long mysterious aisles, and veiled in retiring beauty the glories of the sanctuary; or such reserve as the early Christians displayed

¹ Ps. xxv. 8.

² Ps. xviii. 35.

in the allegory of the fresco, or the secrecy of their worship, or the shutting off of the sacred truths of God from all danger of heathen pollution; or such a holy retirement, again, as belonged to the religious life of men fifty years ago more perhaps than it does now. With some such feeling we should move in a world where all breathing life is yet warm with the impress of God. And with reverence will mingle a feeling of responsibility; the lilies, and the ravens, and the waving corn, and the growing tares, are all speaking to us, and proclaiming, 'So they are without excuse: if when they know God, they glorify him not as God, neither are thankful.'¹ And with reverence and responsibility will mingle a feeling of awe; what is the destiny of the creatures around me? What mean the mysteries which throng my path? And more especially when we look at man, at ourselves—the work, the purchase, and the temple of God—there is still greater need of that *Gentleness*, χρηστότης, *benignitas*, which makes us move amidst all these wonders with something of the manners and the refinement of one who is of the race of Heaven. It has been said that 'if of the two words κάλος καγαθός one can

¹ Rom. i. 20.

be left unspoken, it is the first, not the last. It is written that the Creator of all things beheld them, not in that they were beautiful, but in that they were good.' This gentle goodness, *benignitas*, is a true mark of a Heavenly life. So we shall guard against an overweening confidence, or a roughness and impatience which thinks that the minute splendour and wondrous works of God can be seen at a hurried and unloving glance, ending either in a dogmatism or a scepticism which a wider and a deeper view would have dissipated. So we shall guard equally against self-assertion ; how often comes that command in the midst of wonders, accompanied sometimes with actual sternness, 'See thou tell no man'?¹ How silently, how quietly God works ! You cannot ever quite catch a glimpse of His hand. As with the lepers in the Gospel, so it is with us, 'As they went, they were cleansed,'² and Jesus is not there. Think of the Angels as they minister in the world around us, or to the souls of men, or in the service of the sanctuary, how at the best we only catch a flutter of their robes, in a sense of beauty, solemnity, and order ; or a memory of their presence as the fragrance of

¹ S. Matt. viii. 4.² S. Luke xvii. 14.

incense in the now-deserted sanctuary when the service is over ; where 'every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in Heaven.'¹ Man is sometimes so loud, so self-asserting, even when doing good and serving God, that he seems to have forgotten his Gentleness, or that he is a fellow-servant with the Angels, and a fellow-worker even with God.

Above all, we shall guard against flippancy, the coarsest form of the ungentle spirit ; that flippancy which displays itself in an irreverent treatment of Revelation in the hasty criticism, or cheap jest ; in the light handling of history, which parodies great scenes of national calamity or great moments of political life ; in the vulgar profanity which insults nature, or degrades self. 'Such as are gentle, them shall He learn His way.' Gentleness will teach us more especially the way of God. Is it creative work ?² Perhaps it is the Church of England which seems to be in a state which rouses our anxiety ; its wrongs, its abuses, its needs, are crying out to be rectified. Perhaps in our own

¹ Cardinal Newman.

² The following is an expansion of some ideas in *Counsels of Faith and Practice*, pp. 107. 121.

field of labour there are obvious and patent difficulties ; things which need creating, or at least building up ; perhaps it is in our home life, or in private life, where a new departure seems to be necessary ; perhaps it is that friend whose character needs forming and shaping. Whatever it may be, in all such things we shall need Gentleness ; not the imperiousness of Moses, or the vengeance of Boanerges, or the stern persecution of Saul ; these are but rough ways of dealing with error and human infirmities : and the rough hand often does a great deal of harm ; it engrains the dust and smears it, where a gentle hand would have brushed it off. Christian hands must not wield the sword of vengeance and anger. Granted that people are very provoking, and circumstances distorted. Just as Baxter said when his friends told him that he was going where the wicked cease from troubling—‘Yes, and where the good cease from troubling too.’ Granted that those with whom we are thrown are self-willed, or wanting in consideration ; that they meet us with satire, ridicule, and a tone of superiority—still we must be gentle. It is easy to be rough, harsh, and self-asserting in turn, but only to provoke the natural retort, “Who made thee a

ruler and a judge over us? ”¹ We do not need your new ways.’

‘His way’! Redemptive work also requires a gentle hand; there must be no breaking of the bruised reed, no quenching of the smoking flax. Think of His gentle words and actions. ‘Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,’² spoken amidst all the pain and derision of Calvary; ‘Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.’³—writing the poor woman’s sins in the dust, and proclaiming her forgiveness in words that live for evermore. ‘To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,’⁴ welcoming a thief for His attendant through the rifled gates of death. And yet Gentleness means equableness, a firm hand; not at one time hardly to be felt, at another time rough and severe; and it means also tenderness. I am busied with a soul ‘for whom Christ died.’ He, in all the resources of His love and pity, He, *Dominus Deus Sabaoth*, Lord God of Hosts, is dealing with the same living person; there must be, then, no despising of the sinner, no shrinking from the fallen, no Pharisaical self-exaltation; in Heaven his Angel is beholding

¹ Acts vii. 27.

² S. John viii. 11.

³ S. Luke xxiii. 34.

⁴ S. Luke xxiii. 43.

the face of the Father, watching the growing resemblance, as the mask of passion and pride falls away from him ; watching, alas ! the growing disfigurement overlaying the marks of his sonship ; watching to bring help down from on high ; watching the cherished possession ; watching a solemn trust. Where God and His holy Angels are dealing with the man ; who am I that I should despise him ? And Gentleness, again, means a good kind of self-consciousness. We ourselves are owing to our Master ten thousand talents, which He has freely forgiven us, while we are dealing with a man who owes us only a hundred pence, in injury, or insult, or violation of human laws. We can only say with ourselves, ' If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss : O Lord, who may abide it ? ' ¹ Conscious to ourselves of God's manifold Gentleness, we must needs be gentle too.

' His way ' ! Sanctifying work equally requires a gentle hand. We need to be gentle even with ourselves. ' The wind bloweth where it listeth ; ' let us think of the manifold ways in which grace comes to us. There are many forms of life and many forms of excellence in

¹ Ps. cxxx. 3.

the world. Solomon's Temple is reared by a variety of work and different kinds of workmen. Some have to quarry out the stone in the remote mountain-side ; some have to shape it and carve it for its place, far away from the excitement of finished work ; some have to hew timber in Lebanon ; some to dig foundations at Jerusalem ; some to build, and some to finish. We must not be perplexed or put out if we have to change our plans. God sends us hither and thither ; we may think that we are wasting our special talents, when God has, after all, some particular need for our particular work at a particular time. And equally we must learn to measure our strength ; we cannot all do the same things, we are not all adapted to the same work, or charged with the same duties. Why should we overstrain ourselves in that which is beyond our strength, or neglect plain duties for others less obvious ? Ah ! God receives many a Corban now which He will never accept ; self-chosen work done at the expense of duty ; work outside done to the neglect of our own proper work ; work done at the entire expense of our home and social duties ; the clear commandment of God shattered to pieces by some purely human tradition. This is a real

danger, which Gentleness, the fruit of the Spirit, will preserve us from encountering. And, so doing, we shall learn to work *quietly*. We are not working to secure some brilliant effect. Why should we finish up work hastily to make a display before its time, rather than labour at detail? Oh, what a temptation it is! Results, anyhow, by any means, at any cost! It is the temptation which besets the clergy, who shall boast of the largest congregation? Who shall have the greatest number of communicants? Who shall have the most perfect organisation, until the priest ministers to his people in all the separation of a constitutional monarch, rather than as the shepherd of his flock? Who shall have the most brilliant choir, or preach the best sermons, or display the greatest success? It is surely at the present day a growing temptation to count heads from the fatal security of a fool's paradise. It is the temptation which besets those who have the management of schools; the number of scholarships to dazzle the world, the prizes which mark success, the numbers, the distinctions which are to outstrip all others in competition. It is the temptation of great institutions for good, to make a show, to rival one another in hurried emulation; and when

this reaches the region of our soul, it is doubly dangerous. Publicity is always dazzling, sometimes it is fatal. 'All this power will I give thee,' whispers Satan, 'if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' Give up the Cross ; give up the old methods ; give up thoroughness ; give up the unseen work ; brush away the failures ! Anything for brilliancy ! Brilliancy dazzles, but it does not last, and it burns deep down into the socket.

Have we then this Gentleness ? It grows upon us, it develops within us, as the mighty machine of life goes working on, habitually in the presence of God ; as we realise that all our work, whatsoever we do, is done for God, and in His sight ; that there is no part of time or of life or of the day that is removed from the region of obligation ; that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, that all must be done to the glory of God : as we feel that we are dealing with His property ; with health, and strength, and time, which are all of Him, and all His own ; with souls committed to us by His care, of whom He has said, 'Take this child away, and nurse it for Me ;'¹ as we recognise that those who reject us, and scorn us, and

¹ Exod. ii. 9.

injure us in the ways of wickedness, are His lost sheep ; as we see the Good Shepherd carrying the lambs in His arms, and laying the lost sheep upon His shoulders; as we see with wonder how He can extract the *residuum* of good out of the excited feelings and generous enthusiasm, how when the wind and the earthquake and the fire have passed, there is the still small voice behind. Such is it to be gentle ; and the crown is His also, it is in His hands ; the crown of Gentleness, 'Thy gentleness has made me great.' Has He, then, a crown for me ? The crown of a race won in perseverance and with triumph ; the crown which belongs to him who has relieved the beleaguered garrison of some sin-beset soul ; the crown which awaits the pioneer in holiness, in victory over sin ; the crown which adorns him who has saved another's life ; the crown which gladdens the victor who has surmounted the obstacles, the dangers, and the hardships of life's long campaign.¹ The King of Saints was crowned with thorns. He was the King of Sorrows. He will crown us with the emblem of His royal approval, with

¹ The allusion is to the ordinary *corona*, the *corona obsidionalis*, the *corona vallaris*, the *corona civica*, the *corona triumphalis* of the ancients.

the golden crown of victory, if we overcome in the lengthened strife. 'Thy gentleness has made me great.' Χρηστότης, *Benignitas, Gentleness*, has made its way to the crown; and he who has proved his gentle birth as a son of God, here in the rough campaign of life, by his reverence and quietness, will hereafter be received into his birthright. As it is written, 'Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.'¹

¹ S. Matt. v. 9.

VII

Goodness.

Ἀγαθωσύνη.

THIS is the sixth note of the Spiritual life, the sixth fruit of the Spirit. And in many ways the consideration of these virtues becomes increasingly difficult, almost as if one were distinguishing different shades of colour or varieties of sweet odour; for the different lines of spiritual excellence meet and converge in each other in a marvellous intertwining fashion which baffles discrimination. And Ἀγαθωσύνη, or Goodness, seems to be the complement of that Χρηστότης, or Gentleness, which we were last thinking of, being in itself beneficence or *bonitas*, the active-doing-good which is the characteristic of him in whom the Spiritual life is instinct with good. So we read of S. Barnabas

that he was a good man :¹ so S. Paul says, 'for scarcely for a righteous man will one die : peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die ;'² and we all know that this is the distinguishing mark of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth, Whom God anointed 'with the Holy Ghost and with power : Who went about *doing good*.'³ Our Spiritual life, our Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, and Gentleness, all set us free for this—to do good. Just as we read in those mysterious words how our Blessed Lord said, 'For their sakes I sanctify Myself.'⁴

What a world it is, with all its myriad woes and troubles ! He who would do good seems, as he steps into it, to be swept away by the very multitude and persistency of the calls upon him, like a man who goes down with a basket of food into a hungry crowd. To do good is to do something in the great work of putting the world right. First of all, there is the slavery of Egypt, that dreary work with no vision of a promised land, where men are as ignorant of the spiritual world as they who have only lived and worked in a mine are of the blue sky which

¹ Acts xi. 24.

³ Acts x. 38.

² Rom. v. 7.

⁴ S. John xvii. 19.

is overhead. There is fainting, weary, starving want ; the struggle with hard unblessed poverty, in hatred, discontent, and unloveliness. There is the mental destitution which will not recognise Moses as the deliverer, with no outlook, and no vision of better things. There is spiritual destitution, that terrible altar 'to the unknown God ;' the blank and vacant gaze, which proclaims, 'I cannot see.' Or there is the calf worship, 'Make us gods to go before us,' in the distorted visions of heathenism, in the half belief, the misbelief, the torture of religious misconception. In all this there is the part of Moses and Aaron to play, to bring Israel out of Egypt, to raise in people a sense of what they are, to brighten life, to give hope. Oh ! perhaps God has appeared to us in some burning bush, as we have been keeping our flock, and has said to our unwillingness, our incompetence, and self-will, 'I will send thee unto Pharaoh.'¹ He is waiting to say to us, 'I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.'² Hunger, thirst, wandering,

¹ Exod. iii. 10.² S. Matt. xxv. 35, 36.

nakedness, sickness, imprisonment, these are some of the enemies which are leaping on a fallen world : we can alleviate some, and we can remove some, and we can help people to help themselves.

Then in the second place, we must encounter the contented acquiescence in sin, the love of the flesh-pots ; the deliberate rejection of God ; the pleasures of sin for a season ; the bondage of corruption, and the force of evil habits. Think of the work in one London parish, in one penitentiary, in many a spot outwardly fair, which is a veritable leper-island of moral contagion ; think of the hopes which you see withering, of the talents thrown away, of the terrible delight in wickedness : to do good is to hold out a hand to men to help them out of this, to help them against themselves.

And then in the next place, there is the power of Pharaoh, which rivets down the work, which perpetuates the want, and stereotypes the despair ; that hard scoffing tyrant the world, or the spirit of the age. Moses and Aaron have to stand before him, in sermons, in lectures, in books, in society, in private intercourse, and say, ' Let My people go.' Away with this tyranny of prescriptive right ! Away

with these chains riveted by habit! Away with the cajolery of sophistry, and the bullying terrors of threats! Yes, Pharaoh must be faced; he must know God's judgments upon sin, and the terror of unrighteousness, and the plague of alienation from Him—and this, again, is to do good.

And then there comes the further question, *how* to do good? How are we to set to work to make our influence felt, and to cause our good desires to take effect? Our Blessed Lord has told us, if we listen to His teaching. Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes. 'A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth that which is good.'¹ If any asks *how* to do good, the answer surely will be this, '*be* good.'

'A letter was once written to an old clergyman whose ministry had been greatly blessed. "My people," said the writer, "are cold and heartless. Tell me how I can effect a revival of religion in my parish." The answer was very brief. May God the Holy Ghost write it on our hearts! "My brother," he said, "revive thyself."² Are we the right people to do good? Are we

¹ S. Luke vi. 45.

² From a Speech of the Bishop of Truro.

trying to be perfect? Jesus Christ was perfect, and told us to be perfect also. No one could have met Him, even in the ordinary walks of life, without experiencing some electric shock of goodness, as it were, of that virtue which went out of Him. 'Why have ye not brought Him?'¹ inquired His enemies of their messengers paralysed with wonder and admiration. It has been thought by some that the soldiers blindfolded that blessed Face, that they might strike it the more, undazzled by the brilliancy of its transparent goodness. Are we even aiming at perfection, the relative perfection of an imperfect creature? Do we try; without any reservation for weak points, or privileged sins, which creep about our hearts like domesticated animals which we have ceased to fear, or even feel to be repulsive? Do we ever allow ourselves to talk of the weakness of human nature, or of our own special failings, as if it were hopeless to attempt to remedy them? The strongest chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the breakdown of a man's whole character most often takes place at his weak point.

Are we, again, in sympathy with all the world? Does that invitation, 'As we have therefore

¹ S. John vii. 45.

opportunity, let us do good unto *all* men,'¹ find a response in our hearts? Not in interesting cases merely, or among the intelligent and hopeful, but to all men; to the uninteresting, the unintelligent, the brutal, the selfish, the contemptible. Could we have spent much time on Zaccheus, the Samaritan woman, the lepers, the demoniac, or with Judas? Ah! that love for man as man, 'the infinite pity for the infinite pathos of human life,' this comes from goodness—from goodness which is disinterested, which hopes for nothing again, which sounds no trumpet, which proclaims itself by no fussiness, censoriousness, self-consciousness, or pride. It is this which attracts men, and, as we may hope, is pleasing to God; which makes men say, in the presence of much counterfeit goodness and spurious benevolence, 'A purely good action is Divine.'

There will after this arise the third question, *Where* can I do good? What is my mission? What am I called to do? What am I fitted for? And here, I suppose, the true theory of action is that we should all of us do everything that needs human agency: we all of us ought to teach and to preach, to minister, to be mission-

¹ Gal. vi. 10.

aries, to heal, to visit hospitals, to grapple with sin in others, to alleviate pain, and to mitigate crime. But inasmuch as this is impossible, we find that just as God allowed the Levites to be substituted in the place of every first-born son, for His special service, so He allows us to substitute different agencies, skilled, trained, educated, set apart to carry out our duties to mankind. There is the priesthood, the medical profession, the masters of education, the missionaries, the superintendents of homes, penitentiaries, religious bodies, and the like. These are our representatives in the manifold work of 'goodness.' Do we recognise this? Do we recognise that here comes in the solemn obligation of alms-giving? Not only do we give alms because we are commanded to do so, and because of its great moral bearing upon ourselves, but also because by our alms we are, as it were, paying our agents to do what we cannot do ourselves, the clergy, the missionary, the hospital worker, the school-teacher, the reliever of his brethren, and many others. Do we thus make alms-giving part of our rule, part of our religious life, with method, system, and self-denial? For alms-giving is the handmaid of goodness.

And then, having cleared the way, what is

the one little spot of this earth's wretchedness, want, and sin, which we are *personally* to attack? Oh the misery of idleness, of selfishness, and aimless life! The world is waiting in its throbbing woes for more workers to minister to its daily tragic appealing want. 'We do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That eternal element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency has not yet wrought itself into the warm emotions of mankind. And perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it; if we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence.'¹ What are we doing, where is our work-field? Surely the answer is, 'Where God has placed us.' And here comes in the whole question of vocation. What is God calling me to? 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' Sometimes His call is loud and unmistakeable; sometimes the way is shaped by circumstances which we cannot misinterpret. Sometimes it is but an indication, a bent blade of grass here, a branch twisted there, as we just catch a faint glimpse of 'the way of

¹ George Eliot.

the spirit.' But there is a great work everywhere to be done, at home, abroad, in towns, in villages, in schools, amidst all the manifold activities and perversities of man. It is helpful to think of the machine just working on, and God putting the work into it as it comes. Whatever doubts we may have as to our vocation, at least we can avoid damage and waste of the machine power, all that dissipation of life and talents and energy in frivolity and idleness, or even sin, which impairs and disfigures it. At all events we can rise to the full height of our powers. There is the one thing lacking—there is the 'come and follow Me.' There is the something which we might do, which only want of energy keeps us from doing: if we can only offer ourselves to God, with faculties free, and energies unimpaired, He will find the work which He wishes us to do.

And what a blessed thing it is, this Goodness, this *Ἀγαθωσύνη*, this *Bonitas*. Think of the gratitude, the love, the prayers which follow the path of the good man. And yet it is a virtue so delicate, a fruit with such a tender bloom, a spring so very delicate, that it soon becomes injured. 'A good man' is a popular character, and a good man has dangers to contend with

which we must never lose sight of while we gaze at the beauty of the character. S. Barnabas, the good man of Holy Scripture, failed from good-nature in a matter involving important doctrinal issues : he failed, also from good-nature, in a difficult matter which concerned his friend and kinsman S. Mark. And the charge of illiberality, whether in opinion, doctrine, or practice, is always hard to be borne. It seems so easy just to win over that sceptic, or to reconcile that dissenter, or to silence that opponent by a graceful concession. But it is not right for all that ; it stops the pain now, it fills the aching void now, but he will feel it again. The seat of disease should have been eradicated altogether, or else have been left alone. Sometimes it seems so ill-natured, so hard and ungracious, to contend about a mere trifle—it even seems like self-conceit or self-consciousness ; and yet it may be that Bishop Pattison was already fitting himself for the crown of martyrdom when he stood out against evil in the eleven of his school. Or we may even think it impolitic to ask too much of that friend or pupil, lest we should lose our hold of him altogether ; but Christ let the rich young ruler go, with all his influence, and Nicodemus must go

too if he will, rather than for one moment the standard of truth should be lowered.

No, there is such a thing as false kindness and false liberality, when we are dealing, moreover, with things which do not belong to us, but form part of the great deposit of the faith intrusted to us by Almighty God.

And, of course, it is the same with almsgiving, it has its dangers. It is pleasant to give to the poor beggar who meets us in the streets, it saves trouble ; but is it always right ? It is pleasant to help interesting distress ; but ought we not to inquire first, lest we encourage deceit ? Doing good, being so divine a privilege, is beset by its own dangers. Let us see that our good be not evil spoken of for want of thought, method, and self-denial in the doing of it. The world is waiting for us, with our little store. Oh that we might economise it more, devote it more thoroughly, and add to it ! Every time we pray, or study, or work, we are receiving to give away. Men are looking to us in faintness, weariness, and want, and a voice says to us, 'Give ye them to eat.' If it is but five loaves, we can offer them to Christ, and He will multiply them. Let us make the years of plenty which God gives us store-years for the time, perhaps,

when in the pressure of business, or the rush of activity, or the gloom of some uncongenial work, we seem to have fallen on years of famine, when we can no longer take in. It is a blessed thing to be good, it is to be like God.

VIII

Faith.

Πίστις.

THE next note of the spiritual life, the next fruit of the Spirit is Faith, Πίστις, concerning the precise meaning of which there is a little difficulty. It seems almost certain that Faith is not here used in its theological sense, belief in God : but we have to take our choice between the passive meaning of Faith, *i.e.* trustworthiness, fidelity, honesty (just as we have in S. Matthew, 'the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and *Faith* ;'¹ or again, in the epistle to Titus, 'showing all good *fidelity*,'² πίστιν πᾶσαν ἐνδεικνύμενος ἀγάθην), or else the meaning of trustfulness, or reliance, just as we read, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, of charity, πάντα πιστεύει,³ *i.e.* is trustful. Perhaps

¹ S. Matt. xxiii. 23.

² Tit. ii. 10.

³ 1 Cor. xiii. 7. See Lightfoot on Gal. v. 22.

however, the balance of probability and authority would lead us to regard that *πίστις* which is the fruit of the Spirit, as faithfulness. The spiritual man is faithful,—faithful to his God, to his work, to himself. The life of Faithfulness is a life of truth. The spiritual man will walk so evenly and peacefully between the sharp hedges that fence in the life of truth, that he will never feel them. ‘The truth’ shall make him free,¹ in the same way as a law-abiding man will never feel the elaborate mechanism of the law, nor the keen edge of its penalties, while the lawless and disobedient are galled and fretted by it. Do we then realise that we have entered into this world pledged, under vows and most solemn obligations, which make faith or fidelity a most necessary virtue?—pledged to a life of truth, to the belief of the truth, to act and speak the truth? Do we remember that we all have given our word to God, that we all have promised Him certain things, not vaguely, not under the influence of excitement, as a conqueror might on the field of battle, not as if we were acting in the spirit of a bargain, as Jephthah did, but with solemn and earnest deliberation? All of us at the moment of our

¹ S. John viii. 32.

Baptism ; most of us again at Confirmation ; some of us when we entered on the holy estate of Matrimony ; some few of us at the most solemn time of Ordination ; or some, again, in the different resolutions and promises made as before God, either with ourselves, or in the membership of guilds and societies. And we remember again how, in earthly matters at all events, we pride ourselves on keeping our word. We recall the glow of splendour which lingers still around famous scenes in history, where men have risked anything and everything to keep a trust. We trace its magic power still, where the historian ascribes the influence of Livingstone over the affections and sympathies of the savage African tribes to that moment of noble faithfulness when he gave up the gratification of an earnest longing for home, and rest, and distinction, which bewitchingly offered itself to him at the end of his weary march, that he might keep faith with the natives who trusted to him for guidance, albeit that faith meant disappointment, weariness, wandering, and perhaps death. In our everyday life and conversation, we feel that we have touched a level which marks an outlaw from society, when we say of a man that he does not keep his promises, that

he is not a man of his word. How much more then must this be so when it is not a question of man dealing with man, but of man dealing with his God? 'Promise unto the Lord your God, and keep it,'¹ says Holy Scripture, in terms which we cannot misunderstand; 'Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.'² And we may note further, that God Himself encourages these promises and vows; nay more, that the Church, in consequence, commands them to be made; and further still, God not only expects us to vow, but He vows Himself in turn. Our blessings are all pledged to us, on the most solemn word of God, if we are faithful: and the Church demands as a consequence that our duties, our faith, and obedience should equally be, not matters of choice or opinion, but of solemn deliberate pledge and promise.

Why is this?—Is it for nothing that the child starts forth *pledged* into the world, with all its crossways and bye-ways, and its clamours and cries, and fierce and whirling activities playing about his path! Is it for nothing that the young man or woman who has just received the portion of goods which falleth to them, start

¹ Ps. lxxvi. 11.

² Eccles. v. 5.

forth in the dangerous affluence of the gift of free will and independence, now no longer regulated by the experience of home, or restrained by the discipline of school ; sold, perhaps, like Joseph, by the exigencies of civilisation, into the Egypt of an unbelieving shop, or carried, like Daniel, into the captivity of a worldly heathenism—is it for nothing that they go forth pledged and plighted in a way which they may forget, but cannot misunderstand ? Is it for nothing that a man or woman entering upon that sacramental union for life, ‘ for better for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness or in health, till death them do part,’ in all the trials and responsibilities of that state, enter upon it pledged ? What priest of God is there, who realises the meaning of his sacred office, who knows not the strength of that vow, which keeps his hands steady on the mountain-top while the conflict rages below ; which supports him as he ministers within the veil ; which helps him to bear up under Korah’s rebellion, or the insolent intolerance of the world ? He too enters on his ministry pledged ; bound to a certain course of action, bound to believe certain things, bound to carry out certain principles, bound to uphold certain truths. The Christian man, the

Christian woman, the Christian priest, are in a sense not their own masters, they are pledged in the bond of a plighted engagement. And, perhaps, sometimes the consideration arises, Is this healthy? Is this right? And although we might well recall ourselves by the thought, 'Who art thou that repliest against God?'¹ still it is not hard to see, not the reasonableness only, but the strength of the vow, and the great part which faith or faithfulness has to play in the spiritual life. In the baptismal vow there is the promise to renounce, the promise to believe, and the promise to do certain things. The child starts out into the foggy night, where there are the dazzling lights of the streets, the confusion of the cross-ways, the seductions of evil, the perplexity of the path; and it is no slight strength to such a child to say to him, 'Promise to go straight on; if any one asks you to turn into that brilliant tavern, say, I have promised not to do so: if any one says, This is not the way, turn down that broader street, and more attractive path, say, I have promised to keep straight on: if any one says, Come with me and enjoy yourself first, say, No, I am intrusted with a trust, I must do my bidding and dis-

¹ Rom. iz. 20.

charge my obligation.' All this is a strength and support to him in the conflict of seduction with duty. And so in the greater difficulties which beset the life of all of us, it is in mercy that God sends us into the world under promise; for He knows the conflicting cries, and the dangerous seductions, and the bewildering fogs which sweep down even upon those who mean well, but who still walk in uncertainty. It is in mercy that He gives us the vow as the clew of thread which we may hold in our hands through the labyrinth of married life. He sets the vow upon the priestly life, as the character or stamp which shall recall it to itself. And so in all conditions of life, we learn to throw ourselves back upon the vow, and to walk in its strength and support, undisturbed and undismayed by the conflicting cries and bewildering enticements which lead him astray who knows not whose he is, nor whom he serves.

And further still, the vow is reciprocal. 'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.'¹ The renunciation of evil is to clear the way for the advent of good; the belief in God and His truth is the prelude to the influx of

that glorious tide of mercy ; the doing His Will is to tread in those paths where we most certainly shall meet Him and be cheered by Him. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.¹ 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters.'² Yes, when God asks us to promise, He is making us feel that we are dealing with a personal God, not with a mere abstraction, or an automatic punisher of right and wrong, but with a God Who prevents us in all our doings, and Who furthers us with His continued help, Who helps us to end in Him with subsequent as well as prevenient grace. The road of promise which we traverse is flooded with the light of Heaven, built up on the never-failing word of a bountiful God. 'By Myself have I sworn, saith the Lord.'³ The river of grace flows beside it, and Angels bear us up, and Saints beckon us on ; ending in that land which once more is 'a land of promise,' the land which He swore to our forefathers that He would give unto us.

But the road is strewn with losses. We find if we look round that one after another has

¹ Prov. iii. 17.

² Ps. xxiii. 2.

³ Gen. xxii. 16.

dropped out of the path, and has been lost in the fog ; their promises broken, their vows forgotten. And the life of fidelity is doubtless a hard one. Faith is nothing else than a fruit of the Spirit. The renunciation is severe : to give up, and have nothing whatever to do with, the Devil, the world, and the flesh. The Devil roars against us like a lion ; he hisses like a serpent in the grass at our feet ; as Satan, he bars the way ; as the Devil, he weaves around us the bewildering indictment of unfaithfulness ; as ' the father of lies ' he confuses our progress ; as ' the murderer ' he sets traps in our way. The world, no less, hangs with a deadly, stupefying influence of evil between us and the blue sky above ; it holds, caught up into its murky cloak, the accumulating evils of all careless lives, and the poisonous gases of sin, and the noxious fumes of evil-living. And the flesh cries out within, protesting against the cruelty of restraint, and the discipline of life, until strength itself seems to fail, and the promise to be more than human nature can perform. In like manner the promise to believe seems to raise against it a host of dissentient voices, which would clamour down truth, and insinuate doubt and distrust. The Creed, so simple

that a child can say it, so deep that a sage cannot grasp it, presses hard upon the luxuriant tendrils of our trailing thoughts, and forces them into place, so that sometimes they would almost seem to snap under the pressure. In like manner also, the promise to keep God's holy Will and commandments, God's law in the spirit as well as the letter, seems to provoke the latent antinomianism of our lives. Not to commit murder with the tongue, nor adultery through the eyes, to love our neighbour as ourself, and to live in every thought, word, and deed as His disciples,—this is hard for our rebellious lives, and our timid faith and half-hearted sincerity. But those who have passed on before look back upon us, and encourage our tottering footsteps. S. Peter beckons to the storm-tossed soul, S. Paul speaks to the troubled intellect, S. Matthew to the engrossed man of business, the Magdalene to the poor sinner, S. Augustine to the unchastened youth — 'We,' they say, 'men and women like yourselves, have passed along the road, and you are pledged to follow. Pledged to give up what we gave up; pledged to believe what we believe; pledged to do what we have done.' 'My

vows will I perform in the sight of them that fear Him.’¹

And here we remember that the fruit of the Spirit is Faith or faithfulness ; it is a gift of God. It is possible now, by God’s mercy, to be faithful ; it is possible to pay our vows. We feel that henceforth we may be spared the humiliation of being unable to fulfil the vow which in our impotent generosity we had promised to pay ; that we need no longer be like those who, in the ancient world, with an earnest desire, and magnificent promises, and an utter devotion of self, with a consent unto the higher law of God—nay with a delight in it, yet found, when the time came to pay, nothing but a ransacked and ravaged life, and empty spiritual coffers. David only expressed the sad feeling of this impotence of man under the power of sin when he said, ‘Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight.’² It was not the vision of Uriah, nor of Bathsheba, nor of himself that rose up before him ; but of God, robbed, cheated, and injured. It was one of the brightest thoughts of his pardon and acceptance ; I shall be able to offer to God, I shall be able to be faithful, I shall be able to pay ; ‘then

¹ Ps. xxii. 25.

² Ps. li. 4.

shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness, with the burnt-offerings and oblations : then shall they offer young bullocks upon Thine altar.’¹

But whereas in old days this seemed impossible, there was the desire to pay, the full knowledge of the debt owing, but the task was beyond human strength ; now perhaps we may think in virtue of the atoning Death of Christ, and the abiding power of the Holy Spirit, we may say in a sense in which David never could say it, ‘ My vows will I perform in the sight of them that fear Him ; ’ the fruit of the Spirit is faithfulness. ‘ That which in lifeless things ennobles them by seeming to indicate life, ennobles higher creatures by indicating the exaltation of their earthly vitality into a Divine vitality, and raising the life of sense into the life of faith ; Faith, whether we receive it in the sense of adherence to resolution, obedience to law, regardfulness of promise, in which from all time it has been the test, as the shield, of the true being and life of man ; or in the still higher sense of trustfulness in the presence, kindness, and word of God, in which form it has been exhibited under the Christian dispen-

¹ Ps. li. 19.

sation. For whether in one or other form—whether the faithfulness of men whose path is chosen and fixed, in the following and receiving of that path and portion, as in the Thermopylæ camp, or the happier faithfulness of children in the good-giving of their Father, and of subjects in the conduct of their king, as in the “Stand still, and see the salvation of God” of the Red Sea shore—there is rest and peacefulness, the standing still in both, the quietness of action determined, of spirit unalarmed, of expectation unimpatient ; beautiful even when based only, as of old, on the self-command and self-possession, the persistent dignity or the uncalculating love of the creature ; but, more beautiful yet, when the rest is one of humility instead of pride, and the trust is no more in the resolution we have taken, but in the hand we hold.’¹

¹ Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. p. 65.

IX

Meekness.

Πραΰτης.

THE next note of the spiritual life, the next fruit of the Spirit, is *πραΰτης*, Meekness. And let us remember that this *πραΰτης* is not a virtue which is the simple outcome of Christianity, as humility, or *ταπεινοφροσύνη*, is ; rather it is an old virtue which has been elevated and invested with a deeper meaning. It is not a mere gentleness of manner, a refusal to be irritated only ; but it really rests upon that humility, *ταπεινοφροσύνη*, mentioned above, which is the very refinement of Christianity.¹ It stands perhaps in the same relation to that virtue as joy does to pleasure : as the radiance, so to speak, of humility. It is that attitude of the being which the Holy Spirit makes habitual in one who knows himself, who is really *μικρῶν ἄξιος, καὶ τούτων ἀξιῶν ἑαυτὸν*, worthy of little, and so

¹ See Trench, *New Testament Synonyms*.

esteeming himself. This perhaps is Meekness ; a fruit of the Spirit which is pre-eminently Christian, and peculiarly necessary, for pride only sets up an inflammation which sometimes mars the simplest remedies of life, and closes the way to God's dealing with us.

And we remember at once how David says, 'The meek-spirited shall possess the earth : and shall be refreshed in the multitude of peace ;'¹ or how the Son of David says, 'Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.'² Or again, 'Learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart.'³ Or again, how it is written, 'Them that are meek shall He guide in judgment.'⁴ And we note the particular blessing which is attached to the possession of this virtue, both in the Old Testament and in the New ; it is the privilege of the meek that they shall inherit the earth. Those who are always being pushed to the wall, those who do not assert themselves, who are retiring, who are put upon ; these are just the men who shall inherit the earth. And is not this so ? 'How continually do we speak and act through some mere carnal impulse, some passing disturbance

¹ Ps. xxxvii. 11.

³ S. Matt. xi. 29.

² S. Matt. v. 5.

⁴ Ps. xxv. 8.

or irregularity, speaking, acting, merely as of ourselves, of our own mere natural spirit. And this, notwithstanding our own experience, has taught us that such efforts can never touch souls, can never influence, can never win sympathy; for nature resists nature, the natural powers of life instinctively rise in self-defence, refusing to yield to what is no greater or better than themselves. *Hearts will only yield to God.*¹ How often we see this taking place before our eyes! Goliath cares nothing for the sword, for the force, the arguments, the riches, the popularity of his opponent; but somehow or another he will bow before the sling and the stone of Meekness. A pushing man in a crowd does not push himself very far after all—he knocks down a few children, or thrusts aside a few women; but the broad shoulders and strong arms make themselves broader and stronger and sterner, where perhaps they would relax, yield, and give way to a child, or to a weak woman, or to one who was gentle.

But after all that can be said, Meekness is a difficult virtue. There is something in that 'impassiveness' (*ἀσπρησία*) to which Aristotle opposed it, which has a real existence still as a

¹ *Spiritual Instructions on the Holy Eucharist*, Carter, p. 17.

spiritual counterfeit. Meekness is rare ; it is unpopular. Pride is a sin which especially fastens on the good ; and meekness suffers from spurious imitations of some of its accidents, and we know, only to despise, such tares among the wheat as little-mindedness, affectation, or that which we style in contemptuous pity, an amiable weakness. But still, for all this, real Meekness is a fruit which is most necessary in our spiritual life, rather it is a virtue which grows in spite of ourselves, wherever the Holy Spirit is developing His great power within us ; and so we shall not do wrong in considering Meekness as closely linked with ταπεινοφροσύνη, or Humility, of which it is certainly an energetic expression.

How then is this grace, so tender, so delicate, yet so beautiful, to be encouraged within our hearts, without any of that false admixture of mock humility, which is only pride in another form ? The first step surely will be to keep out pride ; and, in order to effect this, resolutely to stop all the avenues through which it comes, that pride which feeds upon us as a parasite upon a tree. Seeking for praise, is such an avenue, wherein pride fastens upon us with a restless hunger, snatching surrepti-

tious crumbs of comfort even from the ruin of another's credit, or picking them up out of his depreciation. Putting one's-self forward, is another avenue by which pride, entering in, makes us think that we are necessary to the very well-being of society, until some harsh fact forces upon us the truth of the old proverb, '*Il n'y a point des hommes nécessaires.*' Want of simplicity, is a very wide avenue; so are self-gratification, criticism, comparison, talking of self—all these are inlets through which it enters with a full stream—rising up through vanity, conceit, and self-love, with a polluting, stifling flood, until it annihilates the Love of God on the high places of our soul, carrying away with it mercy, truth, charity, and Meekness, the very charter of our inheritance as sons. And individuality as such is never a pleasing trait; the maker of the shield who so worked in his name that you could not destroy it without destroying the shield, is not a noble conception; it contrasts harshly with true artistic greatness, and is like 'the memorial stone' of some modern ecclesiastical building glaring out of the wall, as compared with the foundation-stone of some grand old cathedral buried deep in the ground,

unknown and forgotten as the very builders themselves, who were contented if they had but raised a building in which posterity might worship God. Good work is often spoilt by the affectation of the workman. Yes, apart from any higher motives, if we are to possess the earth, let us stop these avenues through which that deadly satisfaction comes, which ends in pride, and the fatal assertion of a disproportionate self.

And after all what is self? Is not this another way in which to kill pride—to know ourselves? What class am I in, as it were? It is no credit to a school-boy to remain high up in the second class, if that only means that if he were removed he would be at the bottom of the first. And taking all our life with all its mistakes, is it so very wonderful? Just as children sometimes amuse themselves with painting, and some kind friend tells them that the result is good, meaning that it is good *for them*—so is all our work, only *good for us*; before it can be presented, it will need to be touched anew and remodelled by a Higher Hand, and what is crowned will not be our merits but His gifts. And if all our life were known, all our thoughts, our meanness, our

pettiness, our narrowness, where would satisfaction be? Ah! there is a slave behind us in *Memory*, to remind us at the greatest moments of our triumph that we are mortal. Perhaps, then, 'the scenes of earlier life come between us and everything else, as obstinately as, when we look through the window from a lighted room, the objects we turn our backs upon are still before us instead of the grass and trees.'¹ And those things which we turn our backs upon, are they part of 'the wickedness of our heels,' which, brilliantly illuminated as the scene may be, still compasses us about? Ah! if only we knew ourselves, this knowledge would keep us humble! If only we had before our eyes the rough, dirty, unkempt, ragged figure which we presented before God took us in hand, and clothed us and taught us, and made us what we are! That command given to the Israelites of old is very touching: 'Thou shalt not oppress a stranger: for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.'² The sense of those days when we wandered as strangers in the regions of knowledge, and strangers amidst the great treasures of the Church, may well make us

¹ George Eliot.

² Exodus xxiii. 9.

humble, may take off some of that rudeness which fast puts out the smoking flax and quickly snaps the bruised reed ; in a superiority of manner and tone which can only turn kindness into an irritating condescension. Here is a help to humility which never fails: a sympathy which finds vent in gentleness, and banishes, once and for ever, that roughness and sharpness which jag, and scar, and bruise, even where the wound was meant to heal.

And another way still, is surely to try and know other people as well as to know ourselves. It does not follow that a man is not doing good work because he is not casting out devils in our way ; all members have not the same office, and all people are not excellent in the same way. Further, we are often so mistaken in our estimate of others—just as Ananias was quite wrong about Saul ; or the Pharisees as regards the moral position of the poor woman who anointed her Master's feet ; or just as David was despised by his brothers, almost by Saul, quite by the giant ; so, now, how mistaken we are about people ! 'Many that are first shall be last, and the last first.' What a day of surprises that great day will be ! Perhaps the person about whom we

have roughly followed the general classification in placing him among 'publicans and sinners,' will stand out an apostle, while the apostle who, as we thought, was busied in actions of mercy to the poor, will turn out a traitor; and the publicans and harlots will be stepping into Heaven before those who coarsely taunted them with their sins. Oh! how much good there is in the world! Let us remember this. It was said in one of those revolutionary disturbances which from time to time have broken over Paris, that when 'the party of order' had the courage to take to the streets, they were surprised to find how many they were; if we could see the good that is going on all around us, it would not only cheer us, but make us humble. Those who are moving up and down among the wounded in life's conflict, to heal, to cheer, and to soothe, are not so conspicuous as the glitter and glare of arms and accoutrements, and the flash and gleam of battle. The grand ship cuts her way through the waves, with swift and powerful motion, and we do not stop to think of those who are working out of sight to secure that motion. The strength and beauty of life around us is owing, it may be, to those whose left hand does not

know what their right hand is doing. Where God, Who 'is provoked every day,' is so meek and gentle with us, we, at all events, cannot afford to be proud, and rough, and harsh with others.

And yet another way still to this end, is to accept humiliation. It is said 'that when Louis XVI. of France, previously to his execution, was about to be bound, he showed signs of resistance; but that upon his confessor (the Abbé Edgeworth) reminding him that our Lord submitted to be bound, the king immediately acquiesced with a remark to this effect; "assuredly it needed nothing less than His example to induce me to undergo so great an indignity.'" ¹ We read in the Life of the Père Lacordaire of the austerities which he practised to crush in himself all feeling of self-satisfaction after his splendid *conférences* in *Notre Dame*. God has plenty of these wholesome humiliations in store for us; there are those, certainly, which follow hard upon most of our active work for Him: criticism, which scourges our self-complacency; rejection, which wounds our self-love; and defeat, which shatters our self-superiority. And we are the servants of a God Who works by defeat, 'There is that scattereth,

¹ See *Holy Week*, Goulburn, p. 49.

and yet increaseth ;'¹ Who uses rejection as a true method of success, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit ;'² Who points to the criticism of our fellow-men as something which serves to take off the too great individuality of our character, 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you.'³ Here is the epitaph on the tomb of the Founder-bishop of Amiens : '*Mitibus agnus erat, tumidis leo, lima superbis,*' on which Mr. Ruskin observes, 'The exact force of the symbol here, is its allusion to the jeweller's work in filing down facets. A proud man is often also a precious one, and may be made brighter in surface, and the purity of his inner self shown by good filing.'⁴

All such things are an excellent corrective to pride ; to be superseded by some one who does the duty so much better than we did ; to be withdrawn, in all the healing bitterness of the feeling 'I am not needed ;' to have to recognise a superior hand, just to miss the going into the promised land, and to hand it over to Joshua. Like S. John the Baptist ; to have to say of

¹ Prov. xi. 24.

² S. John xii. 24.

³ S. Matt. v. 11.

⁴ 'The Bible of Amiens,' Ruskin.

another, and in our case of a fellow-man, ‘He must increase, but I must decrease.’¹ Like Martha to be told, after all the trouble which we have taken, that ‘Mary hath chosen that good part.’² All these things pave the way for Meekness. For what is humility? Is it *Virtus quâ quis ex verissimâ sui cognitione sibi ipsi vilescit?* ‘The virtue by which, from the truest knowledge of himself, a man is vile in his own eyes’; or is it the shrinking within oneself in the presence of our Superior, that is, of God? Is not this, after all, humility, *the felt presence of God?* Is not this, after all, Meekness, the speaking and the acting, before Him, where He is watching, when He is listening? Without any of that haughty speech, ‘Hear now, ye rebels,’ without the unbridled indignation which leads us to smite the rock. Meekness and humility mean, surely, that we are in the presence of perfection: of perfect work, of work which, the more you penetrate it with microscopic analysis and research, only appears the more complete and the more wonderful; of perfect life, that is, the life of One Who has played upon every part of the human instrument with a skill which not only draws all men unto Him, but which, at the same time,

¹ S. John iii. 30.

² S. Luke x. 42.

makes us almost despair as we hear the harsh grating discords by which we meant to represent the same melody. Is it not an affectation in us to be condescending, when we remember, 'His deeds of power were deeds of sovereign *sympathy*: how the words in which Isaiah spoke of the servant of the Lord as taking our infirmities and bearing our sicknesses, were indeed fulfilled when the Son of Man healed the sick who came to Him, not by dispensing from His opulence a blessing, but by making His own the ill which He removed' ?¹ How impossible to be proud when we thus see Him laying aside the garments of His Majesty, and girding Himself with the cincture of our infirmity to wash our feet !

And then further, we are in the presence of perfect goodness. If we say a prayer, think whither our prayers have to penetrate, and Who it is Who presents them ! How can an inferior singer venture on some well-known song in the presence of any great or illustrious performer, who has made that song his own ! Yet think of the Psalms ! Christ Himself has used them ; the Saints, with all the wonderful tenderness and pathos of their lives breathed into them, have used them. Think of the 119th

¹ Westcott.

Psalm! Like a fountain gushing up by great bursts, now falling a little, now caught by the wind, but steadily getting back again to the same point—‘Thy Law.’ Oh, what a sorry performance we sometimes make of that Psalm before God, that Psalm of the Saints! And then, again, think of those things which we are pleased to call our good actions; *all done before God!* Perhaps we have been mistaking for almsgiving that which perhaps was only the legal tithe, and that too, short; while God ‘giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.’¹ And then think further how much there is actually to mar and disfigure our actions in the presence of the perfect God. Ah! truly, ‘*Incertis de salute, de gloria minime certandum;*’ we shall try to hide our good actions when we hear that dread ‘Adam, where art thou?’ and shall say rather, ‘If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?’²

And then further still, we are in the presence of the giver, it is all *His*. His grace, His strength, His body, His soul, His spirit; ‘What hast thou that thou didst not receive?’³ The talents, the pounds, are all distributed to us; the money, the wages, are emphatically taken out of

¹ S. James i. 5.

² Ps. cxxx. 3.

³ 1 Cor. iv. 7.

what is His own. And He is the judge, God, Who 'resisteth the proud.'¹ O terrible, O hopeless opposition; the creature fighting against God, the Creator resisting the work of His own hands!

Therefore, perhaps, we have come to this. Humility and Meekness are a sign of greatness; they show that we have at least an ideal. 'Alas, I am satisfied,' this was the lament of a great sculptor, who feared in this thought a sign of the decadence of his art.

And if we ask amidst all our pettiness and self-complacency, Is it possible to have that calm unruffled peace of soul, and mind, and behaviour? there comes to our rescue that blessed thought, 'Thou art a place to hide *me* in.'² Yes, all that is meant by *me*. There it is; without its central illuminating power all beauty of form and colour have faded from it, and it is but a dull mask. Ah! if that '*thou*' was only our hermit cell! with its desert all around it, where we have cut down all wherein the Devil may lurk, in mortification; into which we may retire safe from the allurements and provocations of the world, 'Thou shalt hide them privily by Thine own presence from the provok-

¹ S. James iv. 6.

² Ps. xxxii. 8.

ing of all men ; Thou shalt keep them secretly in Thy tabernacle from the strife of tongues.'¹ Here is the tree of the Cross, the fountain of the precious blood, the cave of the wounded side, into which we may withdraw ourselves. And so we might hope that, living in God's presence, knowing ourselves, and honouring all men, we might, out of the flower of humility, develop that blessed fruit of Meekness, which surely is one of the Holy Spirit's choicest gifts.

¹ Ps. xxxi. 22.

X

Temperance.

Ἐγκράτεια.

TEMPERANCE (Ἐγκράτεια) seems to be the last, the crowning fruit of the Spirit, as if the very greatness of the riches which await the perfect man needed a regulating and discriminating power. There is a phrase in S. Peter's writings which is eloquent with the same warning, ἐν δὲ τῇ γνώσει τὴν ἐγκρατείαν, 'and to knowledge Temperance ;'¹ as if each sense, each feeling, each power, when it has aroused its dormant energies, were moving amidst fresh possibilities of wealth and satisfaction, which needed regulating. The creatures which are brought within reach of the senses, the almost infinite resources of imagination, memory, intellect, and the like, may stop the harmonious working of life. Yes, even 'the abundance of the revelation' which is poured into the spirit may exalt above mea-

¹ 2 S. Peter i. 6.

sure, and require a thorn in the flesh ; the buffet of a correction. And so there grows up this splendid *ἐγκράτεια*, Temperance, as a regulating principle, showing us the when, the how, the how much, and the how long, with undeviating instinct. In the spirit of those grand lines—

‘ Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power ;
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear ;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.’

Is not this true Temperance, the moderating, the regulating, the due admixture, as time and season require, of all that goes to make up life ; so much pleasure, so much pain, so much work, so much recreation ; memory, imagination, body, soul, and spirit—all contributing, and nothing in excess, *μηδὲν ἄγαν* ? And the words quoted above may surely give us a good analysis of the formation of Temperance, ‘ self-reverence,’ this may well be the first element ; reverence even for the less comely parts of our nature. It may be that to save life we shall have to cut off the right hand, or put out the right eye ; but if we have no necessity, and have power over ourselves, how grand is it to go

with all the great machine of life unimpaired, only in perfect control, ἐν τῇ γνώσει τὴν ἐγκράτειαν, with Temperance added to knowledge! 'Self-knowledge,' again; how necessary this is as a constituent part! Each knows for himself what he can do; each knows for himself what he is bound to avoid. Some can make good use even of poisons in their skilful mingling, while to others the most wholesome meat is to them the veriest poison. Self-knowledge is all-essential, as showing us what we can do and what we cannot do, and in helping us to gauge all those delicate tendencies which are latent in us from heredity or pass into us from environment and which in themselves go to make or mar the man. And then as a third element we have 'self-control'—that master-spirit which has all its slaves under its dominion, obedient to the nod of the will, which in itself can submit to the Master's call, which has learnt to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Now all this is no easy task; and therefore, perhaps, of all the fruit of the Spirit this seems to be the most necessary—to labour for, to pray for, and to suffer for—Temperance.

There are two stages in the development of

this Temperance which we may do well to consider. First of all, as a preliminary step, we may place what we call 'self-denial'—that sort of learning not to touch—the free, detached mode of walking through the world. And we must note carefully how, over and over again, our blessed Lord insists on this as a necessity of His Kingdom. 'Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple;' ¹ 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.'² Ah! is the cross which we carry a mere plaything, an ornament, or is it made of wood—hard, galling, heavy, just fitted to the stature of our life? Have we even got a cross? A great preacher has said that 'to take up the Cross of Christ is no great action done once for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.' Or again, 'It is right then almost to find out for yourself daily self-denials, because our Lord bids you take up your cross daily, and because by doing so you strengthen your general powers of self-mastery.'³ Yes, while the world is cushioning itself in luxuries, we are to come forth

¹ S. Luke xiv. 27.

² S. Luke ix. 23.

³ Cardinal Newman.

with no apparent reason, to camp out, to suffer hardships, just as if we were plunged in the very throes of war.

And the uses of self-denial are obvious ; it makes us more prepared for the assaults of the Devil. Being indifferent in things lawful, we are not likely to be tempted in things unlawful. We offer fewer lurking-places to the enemy's vigilance ; until he almost despairs of finding a loop-hole of attack against us, as his agents did against the prophet of old, when they said, ' We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.'¹ Our appetites are all under guard ; the circle of the walls is vigilantly patrolled ; the watchword is passed on from tower to tower of prayer ; and all the bush of pride and luxury has been cut down. So self-denial cuts off occasion ; while, as a further stage still, it makes us more fit for God's work. There being fewer desires of our own there is less to prompt rebellious outcries ; our life has been accustomed to hardness ; we know what it is to be thwarted in our purpose—to be stopped, and counter-ordered ; and consequently there is no wish to bid farewell when

¹ Dan. vi. 5.

the order comes, 'Follow me;' no looking back when the hand has been put to the plough. That 'something out of the house' is not there to interfere with our promptitude. With few wants and fewer desires, we can the better place ourselves at the disposal of our Heavenly Master. And self-denial will make us more continent, so to speak, amidst all the allurements of the world, where one less braced would become enervated and lifeless. We have become mortified, dead to the world; all the channels of evil have been stopped and cut off. The world is crucified unto us; its pomps and vanity are a living shame to us; their contact is an agony, their presence a life-long pain. And we, too, are crucified to the world; we are as dead men in the presence of its temptations; the hands that would clutch at its gifts are nailed fast to duty; the feet that would run after its pleasures are fixed by the wholesome wounds of discipline to rule; the very heart is pierced by a godly sorrow, which shrinks from its pollution. Such is self-denial—the great Christian weapon which defends the sanctity of the soul amidst the greatest temptations which life can bring.

And now, if we have secured this great prin-

ciple of self-denial, we shall be daily and hourly called upon to practise *self-restraint*—a higher stage still; and this in the most far-reaching, the most comprehensive manner. There are, for instance, the eyes, the ears, the thoughts, the imagination, the understanding, which all need restraining, just as we restrain the lower appetites themselves. These great instruments bring us in a good deal of trouble from out of the world if we are not careful to regulate their activity. It is a very hard matter to keep the heart bright and clean as we pass along the path of life, if these are to be allowed to bring in upon us any refuse which they may choose. Modesty we all feel the need of; vigilance we know is of the utmost importance; but recollectedness, perhaps, we are not so careful to cultivate as we ought to be. What a force it is, in its simple concentration of powers, whether at study, or in prayer, or when simply alone. ‘How we grow unable to commune silently and seriously with our own souls, because we have shrunk from the discipline of solitude when it was offered for our acceptance.’ Ah! would that we knew more of this concentration of our powers! Would that we realised more the harm that is done by dissipation of thought! We need

recollectedness constantly in the presence of God, if we would keep near to Him. We need it constantly in the active presence of sin, to warn us, in its sensitiveness, of the approach of danger, making us scrutinise all that demand admission — keeping out some, and checking others. It is all-important to us as we move in the midst of life's allurements and seductions, amidst friends and companions whose thoughtlessness may throw us out of gear ; with Satan waiting to bring in his explosives under every harmless guise. It may be a great trouble to be obliged to stop all strangers, and examine them, before we admit them within the sacred circle, but it is a precaution which self-denial has taught us not to refuse, and self-restraint has willingly accepted, and which Temperance rigidly demands.

And self-restraint does not stop here, it goes higher and it goes lower. It goes higher, up to that self-will, in all its unteachable obstinacy, fancies, and dislikes. It goes lower, to that self-indulgence, which, to say the least of it, is taking off the hardness which it was the object of self-denial to produce. It is required for the tongue, to stop its misuse, and misdirection. It is required for the actions, to stop

hastiness, imprudence, unsteadiness, or self-abandonment out of the due proportion of life. It is required even for the soul, to bring it back from its favourite doctrines to 'the proportion of faith,' to drive it into the wilderness, after scenes of holy peace at Jordan; to stop untaught enthusiasm and uninstructed zeal; landing the life at last in that perfect Temperance, where all things mingle in their due proportion in that perfect man, where each part rejoices in the excellence of each, for the excellence of each part, is the joy of the whole.

Such, in the faintest and dimmest outlines, is 'the fruit of the Spirit'—in short, the spiritual life which the Holy Ghost develops in those who love Him. 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;'—all to be developed in a hard, unsympathising, unfruitful world. Which is to prevail, the spirit, or the world? Are we determined, hopeful, faithful to our trust? Are we confident in our powers? Surely we must try more and more 'to walk in the Spirit.' There is all this mighty machine, with its parts and its appliances. but all meaningless without the

Spirit. See how the great ducts and channels of life are filling with its mighty power, and how the whole framework of our being begins to throb and vibrate with the force that is rushing into it! As we remember the grace of Baptism, and the Samson locks which some Delilah has sheared, but which are now beginning to grow again, and to menace the insolence of our prison-houses; as we remember the five smooth stones in our scrip, the five precious wounds which we made our own at Confirmation, and first Communion; as we remember, some of us, the fire and the rushing wind of Ordination, and the mountain-top of contemplation, and the work which He has given us to do, never let us be afraid of the enemies which surround us. Above all things let us be spiritual. Spirituality is a power in the world, quite separate and distinct by itself; some are as ignorant of it as our forefathers were of electricity; but there is no power like it; and this power may be ours. 'We then, as workers together with God:' this is the spirit in which we should plunge into the world, full of hope, to go and cleanse for a second time, if need be, the polluted temple, to go back, if sent by Christ, full of faith, into the very place where once

we wandered possessed by Legion ; this very mountain may be removed at our prayer, this barren fig-tree may be withered from out of our path ; full of love, which looks out from the bosom of God over this world's wants and sins, and says, ' If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.'

Oh ! there is a great work to be done in this large, large vineyard ! ' There is a Man Whose tomb is guarded by love ; there is a Man Whose sepulchre is not only glorious, as a prophet declared, but Whose sepulchre is loved. There is a Man Whose ashes, after eighteen centuries, have not grown cold ; Who daily lives again in thoughts of innumerable multitudes of men ; Who is visited in His cradle by shepherds and by kings, who vie with each other in bringing to Him gold and frankincense and myrrh. There is a Man Whose steps are unweariedly retrodden by a large portion of mankind, and Who, although no longer present, is followed by that throng in all the scenes of His bygone pilgrimage ; upon the knees of His mother, by the borders of the lake, to the tops of the mountains, in the bye-ways of the valleys, under the shade of the olive trees, in the still solitude of the

desert. There is a Man, dead and buried, Whose sleep and Whose awakening have ever eager watchers, Whose every word still vibrates and produces more than love, produces virtues fructifying in love. There is a Man Who, eighteen centuries ago, was nailed to a gibbet, and Whom millions of adorers daily detach from the throne of His suffering, and, kneeling before Him, prostrating themselves as low as they can without shame there upon the earth, they kiss His bleeding feet with unspeakable ardour. There is a Man Who was scourged, killed, crucified, Whom an ineffable passion raises from death and infamy, and exalts to the glory of love unfailing, which finds in Him peace, honour, joy, and even ecstasy. There is a Man pursued, in His sufferings and in His tomb, by undying hatred, and Who, demanding apostles and martyrs from all posterity, finds apostles and martyrs in all generations. There is a Man in fine, One only, Who has founded His love upon earth, and that Man is Thyself, oh Jesus ! Who hast been pleased to baptize me, to anoint me, to consecrate me in Thy love, and Whose Name alone now opens my very heart.' ¹

¹ 'Jesus Christ,' Père Lacordaire, p. 82, etc.

‘Lord, I give myself to Thee,’ and I pray Thee to consecrate all my powers, by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, with His ever-growing fruit, that I may give myself wholly to that work which Thou givest me to do.



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